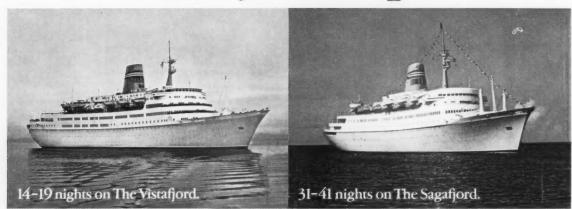




Who Is Rupert Murdoch? By Jon Bradshaw & Richard Neville

No matter how much time you've got, we've got a great place to stay in Europe.



Cruising on the Vistafjord and the Sagafjord offers you the best possible way to see Europe. Because you sail right up to your destinations in a fabulous floating hotel. No constant unpacking. No missed reservations.

With the Vistafjord, you fly to the ship in London on TWA, from our many gateway cities. Then you discover what a truly great ship it is.

It was built under Norwegian registry to carry fewer people than other ships its size, so it's extremely spacious. The rooms are roomier. And the dining room can seat everyone at once, so you're never rushed through a meal.

The service is also superior, because there's one crew member for every two passengers. And the crew is all European, and all trained by us. (We've had over 65 years' experience.)

What's more, there's so much to do, you won't want to get off in port. (There's even an elegant casino.)

And all the ports include one of the most exciting places in the world. The Vistafiord.

mene morian wife violarjoran		
Fjords and Baltic	Jun. 2	17 Nights
North Cape	Jun. 16	17 Nights
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Iceland/Spitzbergen/ North Cape	Jul. 16	22 Nights
Baltic	Aug. 4	17 Nights
Fjords and Baltic	Aug. 17	19 Nights
Black Sea	Sept. 8	17 Nights
Egypt/Near East	Sept. 22	17 Nights

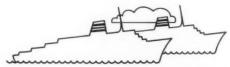
As enjoyable as a Vistafjord cruise is, The Sagafjord offers more. More ports in Europe. And more time to enjoy the luxuries of cruising, as you cross the Atlantic, from New York or Port Everglades.

And since you spend more time at sea, it's even a little roomier. (It was built under Norwegian registry, and is large enough to carry twice the number of people we built it for.)

Like the Vistafjord, its activities include top entertainment. Dancing to live music. Every type of deck sport. Recent films. Midnight buffet. Breakfast in bed. And a gym and sauna, where you can get a massage.

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Scandinavia, Baltic and Eastern Europe	May 28	32 Nights
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European Vacation Cruise	Aug. 2	31 Nights
Fall Mediterranean and Adriatic	Sept. 3	38 Nights



The Vistafjord. The Sagafjord. Norwegian America Line.

Contact your travel agent or Norwegian America Line, 29 Broadway, Dept. A., New York, N.Y. 10006, (212) 422-3900. We'll gladly send you our literature.

Why International Paper is helping to develop a 1,000,000-acre forest on land it doesn't own

wood products around when your children grow up.

Industry sources estimate Americans will use about twice as much paper and wood in the year 2000 as they use today. And the U.S. Forest Service predicts that our nation's commercial timberlands won't be able to keep up with the demand.

One of our solutions is to help private landowners increase their yield. They own about 60 percent of America's forest lands—yet produce only 30 percent of the wood fiber. (Forest products companies own only 13 percent of the forest lands—and produce 34 percent of America's fiber.)

We're looking especially to people who own land close to our operations in the South — America's woodbasket. In 1976 we'll expand our program to the Northeast and West Coast.

How we help landowners

We do it through the Landowner Assistance Program.

We'll show a private landowner how to prepare a site, plant, protect, thin, and harvest—at no charge. This way, he can get the most from his forest land—in some cases, double his yield.

We'll even find a contractor to do the actual work. Or



do the job ourselves at cost.

For this help, IP gets the right to purchase the timber at competitive prices.

We've got more than 600,000 acres in the Landowner Assistance Program now. We're aiming for 1,000,000 before 1980.

A big help. But it's only one thing we're doing to increase the world's woodfiber supply.

Higher yield from our own lands

We've developed a Supertree—a southern pine that grows taller, straighter, healthier and faster than ordinary pines.

We're experimenting with a new machine that can harvest an entire tree — taproots and all. The roots used to be left in the ground.

We're moving ahead on fertilization techniques. Tree Farm programs. Research.

Will all this be enough to

keep the world's fiber supply going strong?

It'll help. But more must be done.

At International Paper, we believe forest products companies, private landowners and government should work together to develop more constructive policies for managing America's forests. The wrong policies can make tree farming impossible and force the sale of forest land for other purposes. The right policies can assure continuation of America's forests — a renewable natural resource.

If you'd like more information about what has to be done to assure the world's fiber supply, write Dept. 137-A, International Paper Company, 220 East 42nd St., New York, New York 10017.



The Great Health Care Stakes

Odds favor higher medical care costs <u>if</u> prescription drug prices are arbitrarily cut. A gamble? Yes, considering the following:

Drugs markedly reduce the costs of hospitalization, surgery, psychiatry, intensive care, and other forms of health care.

Examples:

 Polio vaccines eliminated iron lungs, lengthy hospital stays, and saved thousands of potential victims.¹

2. Since drugs to treat mental illness were introduced, the number of patients in mental hospitals has been more than cut in half: from 558,000 in 1955 to about 225,000 in 1974?

3. Antibiotics save millions of lives and billions of health care dollars.

 Drugs that cure tuberculosis closed most sanatoriums.

The stakes are these: new drugs to fight cancer, viral infections, heart ailments, psychoses and other diseases. But —

 New drugs come only from research, a very sophisticated form of roulette.

 Most new drugs are discovered by U.S. research-oriented pharmaceutical companies.

 Their research funds come from current prescription drug sales.

 For every drug that's a winner, there are thousands of other promising chemical compounds that never make it to the gate.

 Cutting drug prices arbitrarily is a sureshot loss for research investment.

What may be gambled away is much of the future progress in health care for the sake of short term savings.

Dr. Louis Lasagna, a leading clinical pharmacologist, puts it this way:

"It may be politically expedient, for the short haul, to disregard the health of the United States drug industry, but its destruction would be a

gigantic tragedy."6

One last point: Between

1967 and 1975, according to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics Consumer Price Index, the cost of all

consumer items rose 61%, and medical care costs increased 69%, while prescription drug costs increased only 9%.

1. Pharmacy Times, March 1976, pp 36-39.

2. "Health in the United States," U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, 1975, p. 40.

 National Health Education Committee, "Facts on the Major Killing and Crippling Diseases in the United States," 1971, p. 5.

Lambert, P.D. and Martin, A. (National Institutes of Health), <u>Pharmacy Times</u>, April 1976, pp 50-66.

 deHaen, Paul, "New Drugs, 1940 thru 1975," <u>Pharmacy Times</u>, March 1976, pp. 40-74.

 Lasagna, L., <u>The American Journal of Medical Sciences</u>, 263.72 (Feb.) 1972.

Lederle

LEDERLE LABORATORIES, A Division of American Cyanamid Company, Pearl River, New York 10965





12 Killer Bee Reaches New York!

By Jon Bradshaw and Richard Neville

The busy bee, of course, is Rupert Murdoch, who in one hectic month grabbed up the New York Post and wrested the New York Magazine Corporation from Clay Felker. Murdoch's image is that of a shrewd businessman and proud proprietor of several of the British empire's most sensational scandal sheets. The authors take a look into Murdoch's past, and chart his emergence as this country's newest press lord.

24 The Changing Face Of TV News

By Allan Wolper

Film editors, long the eminences grises of television news, are on the way out. Their artistry has always shaped the subtleties of a news story. But the new tape technologists, backed by the revolutionary portable minicams, are shaking things up in the cutting room.

34 A Lone Soldier's War Against CBS

By Robert Friedman

Was CBS conspiring with the Pentagon to discredit an anti-war soldier? That's what Colonel Anthony Herbert is claiming in a \$22 million libel suit against the network. Herbert, author of the exposé Soldier, says his 1972 interview by Mike Wallace on "60 Minutes" was a hatchet job designed to undermine his allegations against the Army— and make CBS look good to the Nixon White House.

Departments

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33 Advertising: Love Bug Attack

By Ralph Keyes

Why bother with all that expensive psychological research to discover the public's underlying desires? A quick look at the latest slogans from Madison Avenue shows that, clearly, all we need is love—or at least a good friend.

42 Television: Why Kojak's So Tough

By James Monaco

Former New York cop Sonny Grosso is the Renaissance man of the media cop world. In his many roles as actor, technical adviser and writer, he's been responsible for shaping the image of cop as the cool loner and tough outsider.

46 Timeswatch: Men Of The Century

Only three days on the job and Max Frankel weighed in with a tough editorial calling on public men to reject discriminatory clubs. Well, Max, what about the boys at the *Times* who cherish their keys to such all-male enclaves as the Century and the Cosmos?

48 Literacy: Verbal Barbara-isms

By John Simon

In her book How To Talk To Practically Anybody About Practically Anything, Barbara Walters

gives plenty of advice on how to do just that. But she fails to incorporate the conversational techniques and niceties she endorses into her own television interviewing.

50 Advertising: Gay Mags On The Rise By Frank Rose

Although the new slick gay magazines have plenty of readers, they need those national advertising dollars to make it in the publishing big-time. Trouble is, homosexuals aren't the kind of folk many advertisers want

Publishing: Farewell, Old South

identified with their products.

By Irwyn Applebaum

In the new generation of antebellum novels, it's goodbye forever to Gone With The Wind. Taking their cue from Mandingo, publishers have learned that interracial sex, violence and perversity under the hanging moss are what sales are all about.

60 Outrage: Shotgun Source

By Mark Pinsky

Reporters' lives come cheap in Tennessee, where a jury just awarded an aggrieved journalist \$5,000 in damages. His complaint? He was shot by a local citizen who didn't care to be interviewed.

Cover:

Illustration by David Levine

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LETTERS

SIMON

John Simon's verbal vigilantism in the September issue, like that of the Wild West variety, is guilty by its excesses of some of the very same offenses it seeks to correct. For openers, his statement that intrigue is "a flagrant Gallicism" is a flagrant hyperbole. Not only was intrigue established as standard usage way back in the 1934 Webster's Second, with negligible dissent heard. since, but the venerable Fowler himself in the 1920s observed that in the right context intrigue can be a felicitous mating of the French and English senses, "puzzle" and "fascinate." Much more nearly a Gallicism-and probably a solecism-is Simon's French double negative "one cannot but concur" in the October "Literacy" column. This should have been "one can but concur," or "one cannot help concurring.

If he wants to play academic, let's join the fray. When Simon writes "both already makes shared a distinct redundancy, but 'shared in common' is arrant tautology," he is guilty of catachresis, inventing a semantic distinction between redundancy and tautology that does not exist in any dictionary. What he should have said was compound or redundancy redundancy, tautology, and pleonasm are fungible synonyms.

Ellipsis in writing is a venial sin; Simon himself concedes as much by saying of Anthony Burgess, "as you can see from Aurora Leigh as well as the Odyssey" that the omission of the second from "does not quite obscure the meaning." Then why does he find fault with "there seemed a consensus," when it's plain that the to be has been similarly elided (if anything it's less ambiguous than the Burgess example)?

Other of his errata are moot, certainly not as black-and-white as he calls it. *Put in words* is argually better than Simon's preferred *put into words*, if the reader accedes that words are abstract, not

physical, entities. Clive Barnes' statement, "could they please send them back to me," is, Simon notwithstanding, correct in its context; could, according to the dictionary, denotes polite permission more specifically than would would. The Simon caveat not to start a sentence with too may be good for euphony, but according to which authority, other than himself, it is "a firmly established usage," Simon doesn't tell us; usage books either disregard it or differ on it. Finally, since wracked and racked are now orthographically interchangeable in dictionaries, might not the phrase "the wracking issue of survival" benefit from an enriched, portmanteau sense of both words taken together (particularly in the case of the plane crash in that context)?

Beyond red-pencilling the absolute errors, Simon is only being polemical, not correct. To plead the canons of private taste may be the essence of criticism, but certain vagaries of style are too imponderable for even erudite speakers to presume to correct.

> — Mark N. Grant New York, New York n replies: One of the

John Simon replies: One of the troubles with Mr. Grant is very obvious: no sense of style; the other is that he's clearly one of those structural linguists who knows (or thinks he knows) the rules, but considers them to be there only to be broken by that wonderful, mystical body known as "people" or "speakers." In-

trigue, for instance, is clearly a Gallicism, so labeled by the Oxford English Dictionary; the American Heritage Dictionary states that its use in the sense of arousing curiosity "has been resisted by writers on usage, usually on the grounds that it tends to displace words that would convey the desired sense more sharply." "One cannot but concur" is perfectly correct; see, for instance, Erik Partridge, Usage And Abusage, under "but."

Mr. Grant's lack of style leads him to think that I switched from 'redundancy' to "tautology" in the belief that they mean different things; I did so purely for stylistic reasons, to avoid repetition. As for his "fungible synonyms," that is a pleonasm or a redundancy or a tautology. "There seemed a consensus" is not a mere ellipsis; it is simply traditional to follow "seem" with either an infinitive or an adjective. My objection in "could they please send them back" was not to "could" but to "they": "If anyone picked up...could they..." It must take a lot of blinding animus to miss so obvious a point.

Could Mr. Grant cite one decent expository writer who begins a sentence with "too"? I doubt it. 'Wracked' and "racked" are not orthographically or otherwise interchangeable in any respectable dictionary known to me, and playing around with any portmanteau words (which, by the way, must create a new word that fuses two already existing ones - not at all the case here) is so much sophistry. Archaisms, borderline or otherwise, are permissible when used for comic effect, something Mr. Grant, who lacks humor even more than he does

style, clearly cannot comprehend. Foreign words and pedagogical jargon? Mr. Grant will have to be more specific about what he means. In no case, by the way, are these grammatical errors.

THE EXCEPTION

In a sidebar to his December "Timeswatch" ["Times Family Feud Sizzles"], Richard Pollak writes "...no *Times* person had ever been permitted to dissent from an editorial position on the letters page."

There is (at least) one exception. On March 26, 1974, the Times ran a strong letter from Eileen Shanahan calling an editorial that was critical of reporter Sarah McClendon's conduct at presidential press conferences "unjust" and citing some of McClendon's accomplishments.

-Ellen Cohn New York, N.Y.

SNCC

I came across your October issue the other day, and in the interest of historical accuracy I'd like to correct a small error in Irvin Muchnick's interesting tale of Jacque Srouji's career ["The Bizarre Career of Jacque Srouji"]. He described the Southern Student Organizing Committee as "the white radical civil rights group formed after SNCC turned separatist." In fact, SSOC was initiated in 1964, with considerable help and support from SNCC, and its primary aim then was to win the support of white students in the South for the civil rights movement. In turn, SSOC strongly supported SNCC when it took up the struggle for Black Power in 1966.

SSOC helped to publicize the Black Power concepts among SDS chapters in the North and West, and it worked hard, with growing success, to popularize them among white students in the South. Unlike Muchnick, we did not regard Black Power as "separatist," but rather as a fundamental necessity for black people to exercise independent political power.

- Steve Wise Atlanta, Ga.

Editor's note: Steve Wise was SSOC's chairman from 1966-67. ■

CORRECTIONS

We regret printing that R. Couri Hay of the National Enquirer, Bob Weiner of the SoHo Weekly News, and Harvey Mann of the National Star crash film screenings ("The Screening Room Status Game" by Rosemary Kent — December 1976). We also regret the allegation that Tom Wolfe's book on the astronauts has been due at Farrar Straus for a few years ("The Dirty Little Open Secret of Book Publishing'" by Judith Adler Hennessee — December). Wolfe wrote two books for Farrar Straus between the time he contracted with the house for the astronaut book and the time that book was delivered.

Jesse Jackson is a: Watchdog | Vigilante | Bounty Hunter Volcano of ideas All of the above g

Many call Jesse Jackson "the most important black leader since" the Rev. Martin Luther King (including The Wall Street Journal). With his Operation PUSH (People United to Save Humanity), Jackson has been accused of hunting and nailing down thousands of jobs and other

benefits for the black community and the poor.

His two callings are entwined—the militant activist who is well known across the country...and the Baptist minister who calls himself a "country preacher." The one marches for "silver rights" (economic civil rights) for the people of the inner city...the other demands "excellence" from them and the "moral resurrection" of the city. He wars on drugs. He uses "vigilante tactics," according to smut peddlers, in his campaign against "decadent" sex-rock music. His mind explodes with ideas that merit attention.

Now he pursues a third calling, which will be heard through the land – newspaper columnist like no other, whose voice in your paper is

almost a necessity!

A liberal? UPI called him "a moral conservative who abhors abortion, holds a traditional view of the family and strongly supports

self-discipline in the schools and streets."

A Democrat? He fought and beat the Daley Machine in Chicago. His criticism of Jimmy Carter augurs a role as watchdog on the Carter Administration.

If you're really bothered by the rotting away of our cities and the moral decline of vouth...tune in to the new values and new urban perspective of the dynamic and spellbinding "country preacher"-Jesse Jackson



Thomas B. Dorsey, Director, Editor Los Angeles Times Times Mirror Square, Los Angeles, California 90052 (213) 625-2345,







HELLBOX

Top 20 stories . . . Donleavy hustle . . . Nation deal flops Brinkley eyes D.C. . . . Brut nixes Bronson Dwight Chapin, publisher UPI's revenge

111-year-old magazine for years.

Last November, he and Morgan,

former Village Voice editor,

shook hands on a\$150,000 pur-

chase price. Morgan, who had always wanted to run his own

left-oriented national political

journal, wanted The Nation to be-

come a commercially viable pub-

EDITED BY CLAUDIA COHEN

NATION'S AGONY

Deal Collapses; Journal Tried Forcing Sale

Tom Morgan was buying *The Nation*. After all, *The New York Times* said so. Some weeks later, however, when the deal was abruptly called off, that burst of publicity appeared to have been a ploy by the *Nation* owner to pressure Morgan into the sale.

Nation publisher James Storrow Jr. had been entertaining prospective suitors for the notoriously insolvent but venerable

When news of the intended sale was picked up by Newsweek's Periscope, Storrow felt an official announcement was in order. "My hand was forced," he argues. Morgan disagreed. "I felt it wouldn't be prudent until we had a signed agreement." At which point Storrow threatened to reopen negotiations with another bidder. On his lawyer's advice, Morgan thus consented to a press release, providing it made clear the contract was not yet signed. The announcement came right after Thanksgiving weekend, and produced an unusually prominent front-page story in The New York Times

In the meantime, Morgan says he was "having a bitch of a time getting financial information about the magazine. Storrow never gave me the union agreement, for instance. He had told us about the financial condition of the magazine, but now we were



Truth Time: Was Storrow really worried about The Nation's fate?

asking for it in verifiable form."

Came time to sign the papers and Morgan was met with an even bigger surprise: a clause stipulating he would have to assume the value of unfulfilled subscriptions. "We would have had to pay \$150,000 in taxes, doubling the price of the magazine," says Morgan. "And Storrow would have been able to take that as a capital loss, with tax benefits to himself." Storrow insists Morgan would have had to assume "no debt whatsoever" and that the clause was not uncommon in such transactions.

Negotiations came to a halt. There was never any serious discussion of the sale after that, though the subscription debt remained an issue. But plans weren't dropped entirely. Morgan says he has memos from Storrow

dated as late as December 15 on such details as microfilm and Blue Cross benefits. And Storrow commended Morgan in the December 11 Nation as being "in tune with [The Nation's] character and philosophy."

So it probably came as some surprise to Morgan when Storrow told him he was beginning to have doubts about Morgan's editorial intentions. Just before Christmas, the two men and their wives met in the *Nation* office, where the Storrows informed the Morgans they had decided not to sell. A mutual statement was prepared, attributing the break-off to business considerations.

But then Storrow started talking around town that the problem was unrelated to money: "We couldn't agree on the editorial purpose of the magazine," he says. "That was the major point," he maintains, while refusing to elaborate. But Morgan insists "the crux of the problem was the [subscription] tax issue. He wanted special tax dispensation. It was so unbelievable. I thought for sure it was some kind of negotiating gambit."

Storrow is now considering six to eight buyers for *The Nation*; a leading candidate is advertising agency owner Richard Manoff and his son Robert. And Morgan is going ahead with plans for his own biweekly national political journal to start in the fall.

-JERRY LAZAR

MOST WANTED STARS

Big Names Shun Big TV Commercial Offers

Every actor's hot to get a residual-packed TV commercial, right? Wrong. Some of the biggest names have turned down generous offers—some on mere principle, and others on the principle that once they lend their name to any product, their future endorsement value decreases. In recent months:

about the financial condition of the magazine, but now we were says he has memos from Storrow \$1 million offer from Atlantic



Tom Morgan

Sylvia Plachy



Bronson: Plenty to brut about.

Richfield.

 Burt Reynolds told Canadian Club to keep its \$500,000 proffered payment for some print ads.

 Jimmy Stewart refused a six-figure sum to do any GAF spots because he didn't like the way Henry Fonda looked in that

● Carol Burnett said she didn't need either the exposure or the money, in this case a cool million offered by Jello. ● John Wayne declined a \$200,000 bid from Alpo—but then succumbed to a Datril commercial for \$400,000.

And, in a refreshing turnabout, we have the case of Charles Bronson, a brute if there ever was one. At least that's what Fabergé thought when it asked him to endorse Brut. Bronson said sure, that'll be a million bucks. End of negotiations. Brut is seeking a less expensive spokesman.

-LIBBY BIANCHI

CRITIC FOILED

Disgruntled Producers May Rebut On Air

What do critics know, anyway?
Not much, according to the news
executives at New York's
WNEW-TV, who have made an
extraordinary move that undermines the authority of their own
theater critic, Stewart Klein. The
Metromedia station recently sent
a letter, signed by producer Gary
Crackow, to the New York

Theater League, inviting representatives of the legitimate theater to rebut Klein's nightly reviews if they felt he had unjustly maligned their play.

Soon after the letter had gone out. Klein was on the air declaring that "Herzl," a new play based on the life of the Jewish leader. had "all the life and energy of a dead fish." "Herzl" producer Dore Schary duly showed up in the studio and, in a televised vicious personal attack on Klein, called him-among other things - "snide," "bad-mannerand "feeble-witted." ed" Schary's comments had little if any bearing on the content of Klein's review.

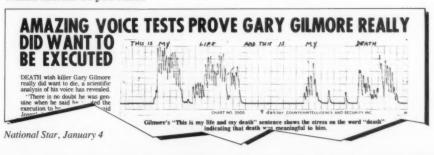
The next day, WNEW news director Mark Monsky called Klein at home to apologize, then went on the air to tell viewers that Metromedia continued to hold Klein in the highest regard. The new policy wasn't intended to make Klein look stupid, he said, but to offer differing views. "We still have the ultimate faith in Stew," Monsky assured MORE.

So much faith that the policy is still operative.

- DAVID COHEN

Which tabloid do you read?

National Enquirer, January 4



Expert's Analysis of Killer's Voice Using Psychological Stress Evaluator Reveals...

Murderer Gary Gilmore Is Lying

—He Does NOT Want to Die!

HELLBOX



TOP 20 STORIES

American Revolution Named Juiciest Event

What were the top stories of the last 200 years? When the Associated Press asked its member editors to pick the "best" or most important happenings, 245 of 272 respondents placed the American Revolution first. (Imagine the sidebar possibilities!)

The top 20 were as follows:

- 1) The American Revolution
- 2) Drafting the Constitution
- 3) The Civil War
- 4) World War II
- 5) Man on the Moon
- 6) Atomic energy
- 7) The Depression
- 8) Watergate
- 10) The auto and Henry Ford
- 11) The death of Abraham Lincoln
- 12) Television
- 13) Assassination of President Kennedy
- Thomas Edison and electricity
- 15) Vietnam
- 16) The New Deal
- 17) Women's changing role
- 18) Kitty Hawk and aviation
- 19) Louisiana Purchase
- 20) The 1954 Desegregation decision.

NO-CLASS ADS

Can't Say 'Rm.' To Rent Nashville 'Apt.'

Look high and low, but there's not a rm, drmn, gar or terr to be found anywhere in Nashville. Housing shortage? Not exactly. Seems the city's two newspapers, the *Tennessean* and the *Banner*, are among the few major U.S. newspapers that will not permit abbreviations in classified advertisements. And Charles Galbreath, a judge of the Court of Criminal Appeals, was intent on abbreviating his ads. The result? "I have sued the bastards," declared the judge.

Galbreath, who owns three apartment buildings, has depended on the classifieds for 15 years to rent his apartments. On one occasion, he submitted a four-liner describing a "lge. apt. 4 rms, 1 B.R." featuring "cent. heat and a.c." and "ds. washer." When the paper spelled out the words, the ad ran six lines and cost him more money. The two papers, which share classifieds, charge by the line: 60 cents for a week, \$1.17 for a day. Those lines add up.

Galbreath filed suit late last year, claiming the newspapers were an illegal monopoly unjustly enriching itself at the expense of advertisers.

Not so, said the Banner and Tennessean. It's not the money at all, just a public service to help the reader comprehend and understand and the advertiser get a quicker response. In short: "It's easier to read."

That's one line Galbreath isn't buying. In fact, he considers the explanation for the policy an affront to the intelligence of the Nashville citizenry. "They might be dumb," declared the judge, "but they are not that dumb."

Unfortunately, we'll never know whether ''6 rms rv vu'' is too much for the townfolk to handle. The court ruled that under the First Amendment, newspapers may publish, or not publish, whatever they want.

-LIBBY BIANCHI

CHECK IT OUT

BARGAIN: TV Guide (circ. 2.5 million) reportedly on the block - discreetly. Asking price; \$1 billion. Owner Walter Annenberg set value on mag some years back at song price of about \$650 million John Dean, journalist, plans six Rolling Stone articles in '77. Next subject: Art of the Interview, on which Dean presumably feels expert. Meantime, CBS negotiating for David Susskind's four-hour dramatization of Dean book Blind Ambition William Paley flatly denying reports naming Kissinger his heirapparent at CBS Former top spooks William Colby and Richard Helms in race to finish memoirs. Colby signed by Simon and Schuster for six-figure sum. "Honest and exciting" book, promises editor-in-chief Michael Korda. Manuscript due in fall for spring '78 publication. S & S reportedly seeking rewrite man (à la Taylor Branch for John Dean). . . . MGM, Warner Bros. planning remake of 1932 classic Grand Hotel. Updated setting: MGM Grand Hotel, Las Vegas

MOVING: Nora Ephron phasing out of Esquire editing duties, though column and name on masthead continue. Wants to do more writing Dwight Chapin new president and publisher of Success Unlimited, Chicago-based magazine of W. Clement Stone. Stone largest Nixon contributor and propagator of P.M.A. (Positive Mental Attitude). Chapin plans more editorial pages, "a lot of controls and procedures in accounting and marketing." As for P.M.A., says Dwight, who should know: "It's what it's all about" Jules Witcover leaving Washington Post for Washington Star and "very attractive" salary. Witcover and fellow political ace Jack Germond to write six-times weekly political column .

SPLIT: Divorce seems likely for Rhoda and Joe, currently separated on faltering "Rhoda" series, since David Groh ("Joe") signs for CBS drama pilot Len Safir, chief aide to ex-Senator James Buckley, in "rough dummy" stages for new New York daily paper. Meant to "give balance to the Times editorially," says Safir. Stories to run in entirety without jumps. Financial backing sought from friends of Senator Composer Stephen Schwartz ("Pippin") eyeing Studs Terkel's interview book Working for Broadway musical .



Another crack in Joe and Rhoda's marriage



©DC Comics Inc., 1977

NEW BOOKS: DC Comics debuts Black Lightning, new black superhero. Contemporary drama, hip lingo. Plot: Jefferson Pierce, Olympic decathlon winner, returns home to Metropolis, hometown also of Superman except Pierce lives in slums. Becomes "Black Lightning" to rid community of drug pushers.

SHARKS: David Brinkley angling for return to Washington. Wife also anxious to move back. Decision pending on his coanchoring NBC nightly news from D.C. Move expected to toughen competition with Cronkite Paddy Chayefsky writing Bantam novel set in uni-

versity lab, featuring experiments on man's primal instincts Brinkley on Chayefsky's Network: "A cheap commercial movie masquerading as a social document and its essential quality is ignorance. [Screenwriter] Chayefsky has never really worked in television . . . and it shows. The people I see in Network do not exist. We do, of course, have our share of liars and fools and sharks. But they are few, they do not run the place . . .

DOGS: Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin editorialized against proposal to reduce state's share of daily betting take in favor of raising portion alloted gaming promoters. Local dog track then refused to provide results to paper. Complaint filed with gaming commission Chicago Tribune drops slogan "World's Greatest Newspaper.

HOUSECLEANING: Jim Hoge acting swiftly as boss of both Chicago Sun-Times, Daily News. Recalls three longtime S-T D.C. bureau members - Dave Murray, Tom Ross, Tim Littlewood - to Chicago city desk. All three quit. D.C. bureau, once shining, lately gone stale. Hoge wants "steady flow of fresh writing." Fourth staffer, Mort Kondracke, leaves for New Republic McGraw-Hill may acquire Working Woman, latest success in women's mag craze. WW also talking to "other people [who] have approached us,"says editor Beatrice Buckler ... Ms. magazine avoided potential New Year's embarrassment January I when all Major Medical policies incorporated maternity coverage. Til then, feminist magazine had no maternity benefits, handled cases individually with varying results

FOILED: Simon and Schuster set to file complaint with Society of Authors' Representatives vs. Robert Lantz, Marlene Dietrich's agent. S & S claims Lantz spurned oral agreement of \$150,000 advance for Putnam's \$200,000. Complaints extremely rare, can cause expulsion or censure Henry Fonda quits as GAF spokesman NBC to allow more prescreening of offerings by affiliates, a longtime sore point Class-action suit charges Mattel Inc. with "deceptive and misleading" TV advertising "directed exclusively at children." Complaint asks\$16 million damages, claims Mattel used "trick' camera angles to hype product .

THE RICH: Rupert Murdoch, soon after buying New York Post, arrived there in customary cab, asked then-owner Dolly Schiff to borrow money for return trip. Said La Princesse: "I don't carry any money." Rupert borrowed from Dolly's assistant. Now has limousine and chauffeur Murdoch also asked business office for copies of Post's front-page picture of him and Dolly signing deal. Ordered

Dolly: "Make up a bill.

BREWING: Newsday Women's Caucus, saddled with legal fees for successful discrimination suit against management, earns\$1,000 in kitchen cooking for Christmas party of paper's union. Asks one disillusioned chef: "What are they going to ask the blacks to do, tapdance?" CBS Inc. to buy Praeger Publishers Tom Brokaw's Washington home rented to Frank Moore, new White House Congressional liaison. Brokaw bought home for \$150,000 in 1975 from James Reston, never moved in due to "Today Show" reassignment in New York

MORE MOVES: Ron Nessen, newly unemployed, testing for "Panorama," Washington's WTTG-TV talk show. "It was fun," says Ron of his tryout. "Very relaxing." Longtime fixture Maury Povich's departure prompted inquiries from Nessen, John Henry Faulk, John Lindsay, Frank Mankiewicz ... TV Guide star Frank Swertlow grabbed by Chicago Daily News as TV critic/reporter. When tapped, Swertlow was working on two-part Barbara Walters story to run this month. Walters rushed over congratulatory bottle of Dom Perignon ('69).

BOOM: Hugo Zacchini, "The Human Cannonball," to Supreme Court. Claims Cleveland's WEWS-TV broadcast his circus act without permission, violating performer's" right

to publicity." Ohio Supreme Court ruled WEWS protected by First Amendment McCall's Publishing Company rejected in bid to control CHC Corporation, publisher of Los Angeles and The American West. Jay Pritzker offered\$8 a share for half the company's shares After one vear and two games, CBS won't renew option to televise soccer in 1977-78. Low ratings. ABC, NBC not interested either

\$\$\$\$: ABC's "Happy Days" (stars the Fonz) grabs record syndication price, \$35,500 per episode, from L.A.'s KTLA and NY's WPIX. By Fall 1979 air date, package could contain 135 shows, net\$5 million. Previous high: "Mary Tyler Moore," at \$21,000 per NBC tries bolstering flabby news image by slating trivial "Weekend" for weekly Sunday p.m. viewing. Starts January '78. Show now airing one Saturday per month. Will and Ariel Durant's 11- volume Story of Civilization bought by Paramount Television.



Wide World

HELLBOX

WINGS CHOPPED

Whirlybird Man Amok; U-2 Pilot Takes Helm

Larry Shearer, the helicopter reporter for Los Angeles station KNBC-TV known as the "Master of Disaster," flies no more. Seems one day Shearer, accompanied in his airborne post by a cameraman, kept the cameras rolling after finishing the usual traffic and city shots. When the tape was later screened back at the Burbank studio, the KNBC brass was treated to a driver's seat view of a flight under the Mulholland overpass on the San Diego Free-

That was the end of Shearer. His replacement? Someone who knows his way around the air: Francis Gary Powers of U-2 fame. Powers (known these days as "Frank") has lately been flying an airplane for radio station KTIL in Tillamook, Oregon, but is now taking lessons to learn how to pilot a whirlybird.

JOAN MARTIN

HOUSE **HOT SPOT**

UPI, Guild Battle **Over Helen Thomas**

Helen Thomas, longtime White House reporter for United Press International, is center stage in a fierce slugout between UPI and the Wire Service Guild. At issue is whether UPI has the right to keep Thomas performing the same duties - of Chief White House Correspondent but change her title - to bureau manager - thus making her part of management and pre-empting her participation in future union strikes. The stakes are considered high by both sides, and according to WSG executive committee member Drew Von Bergen, "this could easily become the most lengthy and expensive arbitration the Guild has ever been involved

In March 1974, when Local 22 of the Guild struck UPI, Thomas, a loyal union member of 20 years standing, was a highly visible participant. Apparently UPI found the presence of its Chief White House Correspondent on the picket line somewhat embarrassing. Dale Johns, then UPI personnel director, told Guild leaders the wire service considered the post too important and wanted to remove Thomas from Guild juris-



Thomas: Prize picket

diction. Indeed, UPI even offered to "trade off" jurisdiction over other positions for Thomas' freedom. The Guild declined. When the strike ended, UPI announced the establishment of a "White House Bureau," to be managed by Helen Thomas. As management, Thomas was automatically excluded from Guild controlthough she was performing her customary duties.

The issue entered arbitration early in 1975. The Guild maintains the "bureau" is a ruse. It is afraid of losing the strike value of such key personnel as Thomas, and fears this ploy, if successful, may be repeated elsewhere.

An equally determined UPI presents its case this month. Says director of personnel relations Al Kaff: "We're not in the business of perpetrating ruses. Our basic position is that we have the right



POISONED PRESSES?

Papers Bar Air Samples **Of Printing Plants**

Federal agents investigating the presence of carcinogens in the nation's pressrooms have been barred by such newspapers as The New York Times, New York Daily News and Chicago Tribune from inspecting their plants.

The newspapers, and the influential American Newspaper Publishers Association Research Institute, are opposed to the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health's choice of contractor for the lab research: Dr. Irving Selikoff of New York's Mt. Sinai School of Medicine.

Asking Selikoff to investigate the printing industry is like having Hitler ask concentration camp survivors if they'd care to participate in some medical experiments," says William Rinehart, vice president of operations for ANPARI. The antipathy toward Selikoff stems from charges he made in 1972 that large amounts of asbestos (a suspected carcinogen) were used in the manufacture of newspapers. This was later found to be untrue. Still, as Rinehart remembers it, "this caused us and our 1,200 members all sorts of problems with the unions.

NIOSH is considering court action to get ANPA's cooperation - and its own inspectors into those pressrooms to start taking air samplings.

- TOM KENNEDY

under our contract with the WSG to establish bureaus and we decided to establish one at the White

As for Thomas, she'll only say, I don't think I'd care to discuss that, since it's still going on.' However, when first switched to management, Thomas was reportedly unhappy about leaving the Guild so as not to hurt her colleagues' bargaining strength. But lately, Guild members close to the proceedings indicate that she has been neither overly sympathetic nor cooperative toward the Guild. After all, "Manager of the White House Bureau'' - complete with a tidy raise and management pension plan - does have a nice ring to it.

THE \$8,000

J.P. Donleavy Proves **Master Of Literary Con**

Here's how J.P. Donleavy, author of The Ginger Man, recently parlayed somebody else's idea into an \$8,000 Atlantic cover story.

In late 1975, Walter Nicklin, editor of European Community, a 40,000-circulation monthly published in the United States by the Common Market, asked Donleavy to write a 2,000 to 3,000word piece. The subject he pro--TOM KENNEDY | posed: "An Expatriate View of the Bicentennial." The fee: \$1,000.

A reply came back from one "P.V. Epps (Mrs.), Secretary to J.P. Donleavy" at his home in County Westmeath, Ireland, informing Nicklin that such a fee—naturally—could cover only "some kind of extremely short piece." No problem, responded Nicklin. I'll take 1,000 words for the same \$1,000 price.

However, after Donleavy set to work on the "short" piece, he sent word, via Epps (Mrs.), that he would like to write a longer piece—and would like the fee increased "pro rata at \$1,000 per thousand words." And one more



Donleavy: The Great Negotiator

thing: Donleavy's name and the article's title must appear on the cover.

European Community never plugs authors on the cover, but Nicklin agreed to do it this time. But as for finances, \$1,000 was "about all our limited budget can allow. If this is not satisfactory, perhaps I can raise about \$250 more out of my own pocket."

By July 1976—seven months after the first contact—J.P. had finished the piece—all 8,500 words of it. Inquired an undoubtedly weary Nicklin: "I wonder perhaps if Mr. Donleavy could cut it by 1,000 to 2,000 words. If not we will try to fit it in somehow...."

The tips came off the literary foils in August, with Epps writing that because of the article's length and European Community's limited budget, "Mr. Donleavy very much regrets that he cannot let you have the article, but feels sure that you will appreciate that he

must seek reimbursement for his time in writing the article.'' Such reimbursement, Epps suggested, might take the form of European (post-publication) serial rights, for \$1,250. And by the way, she added, the article—conceived and titled by Nicklin—had been renamed "An Expatriate View of America"—"as in effect it has little to do with the Bicentennial.'

At which point Nicklin said enough. In the meantime, however, the resourceful Epps (Mrs.) had offered the piece to Atlantic editor Robert Manning. Manning accepted it, promising that "barring a cataclysm like an assassination, he would get cover listing, if not the cover." He got the cover—of the December issue—and a reported \$8,000 check. Donleavy himself, forsaking the faithful P.V. Epps, called Manning himself to say thanks.

As for Nicklin, he "liked" the Atlantic piece, but has no immediate plans to ask Donleavy to write for him again.







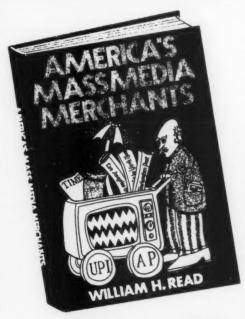
Which came first? The August Photo Marketing, November I Time and July 8, 1974 Time.

PHOTO FINISH

No Winner As Mags Claim Original Covers

Ah, artistic integrity! After Time magazine's November 1 thumbs-up/thumbs-down cover on the economy, someone yelled thief. Photo Marketing complained that the idea was stolen from its own August issue. "We

think this is more than coincidence," declared Carl E. Guldberg, who asked Advertising Age to print both covers to show everyone where the true genius lay. Time's response? Art director David Merrill admits he did copy the idea—from a Time cover he designed in July 1974. So much for creative art directors. Says Merrill: "In this case, Mr. Guldberg, the symbols are neither yours nor mine but those of some Roman who either did or did not want a Christian fed to the lions."



"There are only two forces that carry light to all corners of the globe—the sun in the heavens, and the Associated Press down here."—Mark

Mark Twain's humorous comment was prophetic. The global penetration of American mass media has indeed proved phenomenal. A seasoned newsman examines the implications involved. How the world came to love Lucy, he shows, represents to some a disturbing intrusion of American values into ethnic cultures. Nonetheless Read finds information sovereignty to be an unacceptable alternative to the free flow principle. His lively book assesses the issues from a liberal, but not antimedia, \$10.95

Johns Hopkins

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KILLER BEE REACHES NEW YORK

The Sensational History Of Rupert Murdoch

Is this the future?

The following article, and the cover illustration by David Levine accompanying it, were commissioned by New York magazine before Rupert Murdoch acquired control of that publication.

BY JON BRADSHAW & RICHARD NEVILLE

Rupert Murdoch stood there in what three days before had been Clay Felker's private office. Dressed in a rumpled blue suit, striped shirt and red tie, he looked like a money-man, a banker perhaps, who had just concluded a delicate transaction involving unmentionable sums. Wearily, but with the brusque air of a man who had other, more important, duties, he beckoned us within. He seemed uncomfortable in the walnut-paneled room—with the fitted walnut bar, the long English pine fire-bench, the Oriental carpet, the brown leather Chesterfield sofas. He thought of himself as dull and unpretentious. The room disturbed him.

Rupert Murdoch is one of those men who plays with power. He dreams of it, he wields it to extend his territories and to conquer and divide beyond them. At 45, he owns 89 newspapers, one television station and interests in three others, and he is privy to confidences in dozens of boardrooms round the world. For three years now, Murdoch has lived quietly in New York. But in the course of the last month, when he scattered nearly \$40 million in order to buy the New York Post, New York magazine and The Village Voice, the clatter of his coins echoed throughout the nation.

In New York, some saw him as a Visigoth brandishing his sword at the gates of the city. Much of the hostile reaction was almost certainly misguided chauvinism, parochial distrust of the assertive foreigner; but it soon became clear that Rupert Murdoch was a man to be courted, respected, even feared.

And not to labor the point, a number of intrepid newshounds cautioned us not to carry this endeavor any further. Those two professional iconoclasts, Nigel Dempster of the London Daily Mail and Alexander Cockburn of the Village Voice, warned of bleak tomorrows in dark and windy garrets.

Murdoch looks harmless enough: a short man, grey and undistinguished. At first he gives an impression of diffidence, but it soon seems clear that he is merely bored. He had come into the offices of New York magazine shortly after 10 this morning — the first working day since taking control of the publication. Throughout the morning, anxious employees gathered in the large main room of the

magazine, casting furtive looks at Jim Brady, the newly-appointed editor, sitting now at Felker's desk with the air of a mercenary who knew the enemy had been routed the day before. Many of the magazine's editors had resigned over the weekend, and as the morning passed, writer after writer called asking that his name be stricken from the masthead.

Rupert Murdoch hunches back on the leather Chesterfield, thinks better of it and leans forward, his elbows on his knees. If he is aware of the doubt and defeat in the main offices beyond his door, he gives no sign of it. The telephone rings and he picks it up, murmuring into the mouthpiece with a kind of curt concern. It is the voice of a man accustomed to getting his own way. "Well, he better behave himself," Murdoch says, his voice rising slightly. And then: "You'd better come here. Now." Turning around, Murdoch asks, "Hey, what's the address here anyway?" A moment later he puts down the phone.

"What *The Washington Post* did today was unbelievable," he says for no apparent reason. "I mean, did you see the main story? The French holding a Palestinian refugee or something in Paris. Unbelievable."

"And what's in the [London] Sun today?" said Neville.

"I don't know, but in yesterday's Sun there is a fairly serious educational argument, in red headlines, catchy and effective, involving the Minister of Education and parents. I don't remember what the hell the issue was..." His voice fell away.

"At the moment, our circulation is taking a bit of a hiding," he began.

- "Is that why you put a nude on the front page the other day?"
- "Nude? No, there was no nude on the front page," he said.
- "Yes, there was, I saw it."
- "How big was the picture?"
- "Big. A man and a woman on the entire right half of the page."
- "Oh, that's probably a promotion," he said. "We've done that before." He seemed relieved.

Less than a month ago, most New Yorkers assumed that Rupert was the name of a defunct beer. Today, the media refer to him in anger or in awe, speaking in tones more normally reserved for Ronald Reagan or Muhammad Ali. Part of Murdoch's fascination is that he just pops up in town one day with a lot of coin and a calculated air of mystery. He is usually to be seen walking into the offices of the largest newspaper in town, and no one knows why he is there or where he has come from or even how he arrived. Seeking power or mere possession, spending profligate sums in short periods of time, conniving, bartering, plotting unpredictable courses, spreading rumor and consternation, Murdoch has become media's Mephistopheles.

He spent four months in London working as a junior subeditor on Lord Beaverbrook's Daily Express. But his father

Jon Bradshaw is a contributing editor of New York magazine; Richard Neville is a foreign correspondent for Punch magazine. The authors wish to thank Peter Dunn of the London Sunday Times for his generous assistance. And Phillip Fraser of Seven Days, Patrick Marnham of Private Eye and Griffin Smith Jr. of the Texas Monthly.

died that year, and the 22-yearold Murdoch returned to Australia. Death duties and debts forced Murdoch to sell the Brisbane Courier Mail and some property. Rupert, his mother and his three sisters inherited 57 per cent of the Adelaide News. "At the time. Murdoch felt he had been jilted out of his inheritance." an Australian journalist said, "and it became his ambition to take over commercially what he had failed to inherit."

Thus Murdoch entered journalism. The Adelaide News was only marginally profitable, and he set to work to make it more so. Within a year he achieved a reputation for radical causes, and he loved, it seemed, to shock the provincial society in which he lived. And from the beginning, he rarely hesitated to interfere editorially in order to promote his own peculiar vision. In these early days in Adelaide, young Rupert liked to walk into the editorial offices on deadline and rewrite the day's main headline. He thought himself a whiz at four-word screamers, of the sort later parodied by Melbourne University students as "Drug-Crazed Bikers Gang Rape Lesbian Nun".

What also emerged was Rupert's penchant for reprimanding executives who displeased him and his tendency to do what he pleased with what he believed was his. It remains, perhaps, his chief insistency. Once, in his editor's absence, he expelled sports from the back page and filled it with advertising. His rows with staffers legendary - at least in Adelaide. In 1960, when an amiable alliance with Rohan Rivett, his editor for many years, dissolved into a power struggle, Murdoch curtly sacked him. Somewhat later, Ernest Bridges, managing editor of Murdoch's News, Ltd., only minutes after a two-hour quarrel with his boss, collapsed and died on his office floor. Murdoch, it is said, was much dis-

Beyond Sex Shock

By publicizing sex-shock stories of this kind, Murdoch's papers were soon showing fat took over the Mirror Group in

profits. By 1964 group profits | had been increased to £600,000 and the share price was up 250 per cent from 1961. It was at this point, nearing the high mark of his outrageous rise in Australia. that Murdoch unexpectedly took a new direction: he decided to create The Australian.

Launching The Australian was a publishing feat equivalent to putting the same morning paper on breakfast tables in New York, Miami and San Francisco. Considering Australia's vast territory and small population, this first national newspaper was a formidable risk. In its formative years, The Australian added immeasurably to the quality of life in the country; it was openminded, innovative, even idealistic and was much praised by serious journalists. With The Australian, Murdoch broke the grip of the other big family tycoons on the hearts and minds of the Sydney commuters. It was a flamboyant act, the equivalent of his father's Dardanelles dispatch.

"Before The Australian, Murdoch was in a curious position,' a local newspaperman observed. "He'd got papers in Adelaide, Perth and Oueensland and he'd got various mineral interests and a piece of an airline charter company, but in newspaper terms he'd really got nothing that would make a journalist look up and say, 'he's his father's son. I'm sure his mother was one of the propelling forces behind The Australian and this is important to realize when understanding Rupert. Dame Elizabeth Murdoch is a marvelous woman.' She was said to have regarded some of her son's more indelicate papers with varying degrees of despair. "But when The Australian was launched." the newspaperman said, "she started for the first time to talk about 'my son, the newspaper proprietor.

Despite the rows and sackings and the rank disharmonies, the Adelaide News became a runaway success, and by 1960 its profits had jumped 10 times to some £300,000. Now confident, Murdoch began to scan the world beyond Adelaide. In 1960 he Cumberland Newspapers, a chain of suburban papers based in Parramatta. It was the first of Murdoch's major gambles, and had it failed, it would have broken him. There were many by now who expected or who hoped for that defeat.

The Fairfax empire, which owned the Sydney Daily and Sunday Mirror, had allowed them to run down because they offered competition to other papers in the Fairfax group, "To fix Rupert for good, they sold him the papers at a giveaway price,' an Australian journalist recalls. "Even then, they thought he had paid too much." To everyone's surprise, Murdoch pulled it off. Working hard and employing a now familiar blend of salesmanship and meaty tabloid journalism, he dragged the Sunday Mirror out of the red (it went on to achieve a circulation of 575,000) and turned the Daily Mirror into Sydney's largestselling afternoon paper. His rivals, it is said, were not pleased.

The Sydney afternoon paper market is probably the most competitive in the world. Throughout the sixties, the brutal lessons of that battle taught Murdoch the business of producing popular papers for that large portion of the populace who preferred pretty girls and bawdy tales stirred into their

Those were heady times. Richard Neville recalls, when Murdoch burst into town, adding sex, fun and tinsel to the evening tabloids. Sydney is a little town and the papers have a high impact. Reinforced by their radio and television interests, the preoccupations of proprietors became the preoccupations of the public, and each afternoon the streets of Sydney were glutted with Murdoch's stark, hysterical flyers - those modern-day haikus of horror which now engulf the English-speaking world: "Leper Rapes Virgin, Gives Birth to Monster Baby." That sort of thing.

In the sixties, this shrill tone of prurience emanated from newspaper wars in which proprietors organized gangs to bash their rivals or sent professional boxers

Sydney, Darwin's only paper and | around to punish their own delinguent correspondents. The pressure meant that truth was traded in for circulation gains. If a photograph was not sufficiently gory, the art boys touched it up. News stories often contradicted themselves every 24 hours, and readers seemed not to notice or to

> One day in March 1964, a bewildered migrant walked into the offices of Murdoch's Daily Mirror, clutching his daughter's diary in his hand. Appalled by what he had read, he sought advice from the seemingly omnipotent arbiters of community taste. For other reasons, the Mirror shared the migrant's concerns and decided to print the contents of the little red book on its front page: "Sex Outrage in School Lunchbreak," the Mirror blared. Reproduced passages of the girl's diary spoke of secret rendezvous and sexual encounters with schoolmates. As a result of the publicity, the 14-year-old girl and her "boyfriend," Digby Bamford, were expelled from school. And for Murdoch's readers, that is where the story ended. It was never reported that the following day, young Digby Bamford was found hanging from a clothesline in his backyard; nor was it ever reported that a pathologist from the children's welfare department filed a report of the incident in which he stated that the 14-year-old girl was still a virgin.

The only publication to disclose the story's end was Neville's own magazine, OZ, a satirical monthly devoted to exposing the country's more flagrant foibles and hypocrisies. OZ was to achieve an infamous reputation for being, among many things, a watchdog of the Australian press. It was the Australian equivalent of Britain's Private Eye, and like the Eye of the seventies maintained an eccentric vigil of Murdoch's rise to power.

The Australian made Murdoch a formidable figure in serious journalism. Other Australian newspapers were compelled to compete for Murdoch's academic and professional readership. It is generally agreed that much of the credit for its early success belonged to the pa-



"There's no nude on the front page," said Murdoch of the January 4 Sun. "Oh — that's probably just a promotion. We've done that before."

per's creative editor, Max Newton, a capable if erratic journalist. Murdoch let Newton have his freedom, it seems, until *The Australian* failed to make the expected commercial breakthrough. In 1967, Newton was sacked, and the paper began to give impressions of a cheaper shadow of its former self. "*The Australian*," said a former executive, "suddenly went pop, but without any purpose."

The Australian changed slowly at first, the pictures on page

three, for example, growing larger. Under the next editor, Adrian Deamer, it changed even more. Deamer became editor in 1968 and he, in turn, was sacked in 1971. "I was fired," he said, "for not producing the kind of paper Rupert wanted. He thought it was too full of bleeding hearts. I mean, he was annoyed that the paper had been critical of the South African Springbok (the national all-white rugby team) tour in Australia. This caused him to think I was politically unreliable,

I guess. He wanted to make the paper less serious, less interpretive, less concerned with social issues. In my view he completely buggered up *The Australian*."

All of which Murdoch denies today. Sitting now in his office at New York magazine, he concedes he may have been going through a conservative phase concerning the Springbok tour, but all the rest of it is bullshit. "The paper was born of my frustrations with the wet-blanket politics of that era," he says. "I think

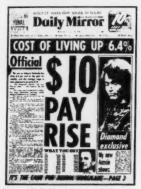
that in terms of expressing, right up front, an informed, constructive nationalism, it's not done enough. I'd love it to do more. But it's a better paper today. As for Deamer, we'd be here all night if we talked about him. Sure, he was a brilliant journalist, but he has chips on his shoulder like tree trunks. He was one of those people who believed that to be a good journalist you had to hate the boss. I never tried to make the paper less interpretive. Deamer gave the paper over to a lot of vocal young people and let them write what they liked. The paper was becoming too subjective. It had ceased to be a journal of record and it had to be changed.

Murdoch's insistences aside, many serious Australian journalists today agree that The Australian, Murdoch's one "quality" paper, his self-admitted flagship, bears little resemblance to the serious journal he must have had in mind originally. In an issue late last year, for example, a gossip column called "Newsmakers" is headlined: "O'Toole Trips Over His Tongue." A feature on Kathryn Grayson is headlined "Kathryn is Still a Knock-Out." World news consists of little more than a few columns spread over three pages and sandwiched between advertisements. It is the only major newspaper in Australia without a Washington correspondent. Its circulation (currently 144, 952) means it is Murdoch's lowest-selling major Australian newspaper. When asked again if The Australian really lived up to its original aims, Murdoch sighs from tiredness or despair and says, "No newspaper's good enough.

During ths same period, Murdoch began to compete with Sir Frank Packer in television. The late Sir Frank owned a conglomerate of newspapers, television stations and race horses in Australia. He also owned the most successful magazine in the world—Australian Women's Weekly, which in a country of only 13 million people sold more than three million copies a week. Sir Frank was an eccentric and domineering man. There

THE YEAR IN PAGE ONE HEADLINES

Mirror on the world -1976



Cost of living jumps 6.4 per cent, heralding a lift of \$10 on the average wage.



The Supreme Court orders the Mirror to withdraw a story from its last edition after an allegation of defamation.



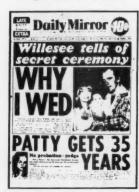
Reginald John Little is charged with murder after the Savoy Hotel fire in which 15 died.



A good luck kiss brings a \$500,000 lottery win for a Sydney housewife and mother of three.



The end of an enigma, the beginning of a legend as Howard Hughes dies.



Kidnap heiress Patty Hearst is sentenced to 35 years' jail for armed bank robbery.



The counting continues, but the Mirror picks the winner in the State election.



Junie Morosi hit the headlines again on a series of fraud charges.



Philip Western, wanted for murdering a bank teller, is killed in a shoot-out with police.



The Premier, Mr Wran, marries for the second time in a secret ceremony at his home.



A royal romance is on shaky ground as Davina Sheffield's ex-boy friend talks for the first time.



Billy McMahon follows Jimmy Carter's lead and tells an audience of students about his lustful thoughts.

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New Premier Sir Eric Willis (who took over from Mr Tom Lewis) announces the end of the 9.6 cents a gallon petrol tax.



Millions of dollars paid out in Medibank claims were found to be paid illegally.



It's Carter! And the Georgia peanut farmer marches on Washington.



A royal marriage ends as Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon separate — with the Queen's permission.



New Labor Premier Neville Wran announces his Government would legalise casinos within three years.



Motorists get ready for a long drought as petrol supplies dry up and service stations close.



American boxer Chuck Wilburn sinks into a fatal coma after being KO'd by Hector Thompson.



Susan Peacock, wife of the Foreign Minister, leaves her husband for one of England's wealthiest men.



The first hint that Sir Henry Bland, controversial chairman of the ABC, may step down. Two weeks later he was gone.

were numerous occasions, when one of his horses won a race, that he would ring up his television station manager and order the race to be rerun. On one occasion, the late movie was interrupted several times in order to show one of his horses winning the Melbourne Cup earlier that day. When Murdoch acquired his own television station at Wollongong outside of Sydney, he stepped up its power and, racing to America, he purchased Sir Frank's supply of "Ponderosa" and "Ironside" shows. Ultimately, Murdoch and Packer entered an uneasy partnership in television.

The Invasion Of London

When The News of the World went up for sale in late 1968, Murdoch, then 37, flew to London. The News of the World was a British institution, one of the last legacies of the Victorian era. A Sunday paper, selling some six million copies, the publication was prudish and proud of it. There seemed to be some tacit understanding between the paper and its readers that both be shocked by the sexual frolics described while thrilling to them at the same time. The paper was filled with a kind of demure sexuality, headlines such as "Incident in a Watercress Bed" or "While They Were Blackberrying...." Making genteel references to the changes in The News of the World once Murdoch had obtained it, its editor said: "Our girls were never nude. They were unclothed.'

In the seedy fight for the takeover of The News of the World, Murdoch's opponent was Robert Maxwell, an M.P. and the boss of Pergammon Press. Few holds were barred. Murdoch put his accountants on Maxwell's books. "I could talk all night about Maxwell," Murdoch says. "I knew enough about Maxwell to know that he would be the most beatable person of anyone. The London establishment were just not going to have him.' Maxwell never had a chance. His bid, which was larger than Murdoch's, was regarded as an intru-

sion by the Carr family, who | owned the paper, because he was not British-born. Their attitude was reflected in a News of the World editorial that assured their readers that the paper was as British as roast beef and Yorkshire pudding-implying, of course, that the wogs began, or should begin, at Calais. Murdoch detested the editorial, and it may have contributed to the eventual sacking of the paper's editor, Stafford Somerfield.

But there were other more relevant reasons. Murdoch inherited an editor with a six-year contract and a desire to continue editing without interference from a new proprietor. For his part, Murdoch liked his editors to do what he required of them and little else. In the furor that followed The News of the World's decision to publish the memoirs of Christine Keeler, Murdoch bought out Somerfield's contract for £100,000.

plied, "I drank champagne with | never been said to an editor of my staff, dear boy.'

"Murdoch sacked me in three minutes without any explanation," Somerfield said. "Murdoch said to me, 'This paper has only one voice: mine." Murdoch, Somerfield lasted just 13 months. Curiously, when Murdoch took over the paper, he assured Somerfield that he wanted him to stay on. "Under British law," said Somerfield, "the editor is fully responsible for the contents of the paper, not the proprietor." And this responsibility, he felt, was being undermined. Their first clash occurred when Murdoch, without consulting him, began to change the wording on the flyers. Then a stranger in the newsroom turned out to be a new editor hired by Murdoch. But the final blow, according to Somerfield, occurred when Murdoch ordered Somerfield not to send any more reporters overseas without consulting When asked what he did with the money, Stafford Somerfield re- one," said Somerfield. "That's

The News of the World before. Not send a reporter overseas? That makes the name of our paper look ridiculous."

Murdoch's memory is different." I never said I'd give him my support," he says, twirling his glasses in his hand. "I said, 'Let's try and work it together. I'm ashamed to say we did for 13 months. Just before he left, when I bought The Sun, he immediately engaged in a struggle for power with another of my executives. Somerfield really played for his payoff." Murdoch pauses and rubs his eyes. "We did have a bit of a blue once," he recalls. "Somerfield went on holidays and we moved the leader page from the center back to page four, a few things like that." Murdoch smiles. "He flew back in a hurry.'

Even now, after seven years, Stafford Somerfield recalls his Murdoch experiences vividly. Earlier this month, reading of the takeover of the New York Magazine Company and Murdoch's statement that he wanted Clay Felker to remain editor "with all the freedom and integrity that implies," Somerfield dispatched a letter to The London Times. The letter summarized his own Murdoch experiences and ended with the statement, "This is where I came in." His advice to American editors assured of such freedoms and integrities? "Get it in writing, and when you talk to the man always have your accountants and your lawyer standing by."

Similar assurances had been made to Sir William Carr, chairman of The News of the World. On obtaining a portion of the company, Murdoch wrote to the ailing Sir William guaranteeing his support for him as chairman. In that letter, Murdoch congratulated Sir William on his improvement in health and added that he was continuing to buy shares in the company, but that this should not disturb him since "it does not change our understanding in any way.

Three months later, Sir William's improved health now enabled him to renew contacts with his senior staff. Learning of this,

Fred McDarrah

Back on top: Jim Brady, who left Felker some years back, moves into top editor's slot at New York.

ing, "A company of this nature can only have one executive boss, namely myself." Sir William, presumably, paid little heed to these assertions. Six months after he had taken over The News of the World, Murdoch asked Sir William Carr for his resignation as chairman, a position he had held for 17 years.

"Much of that is true," Murdoch now says. "I certainly went back on the....understanding. We found that Carr had a strong personality. I realized it was no good with him-as chairman and me as chief executive. I told him that. I said, 'Why don't you be president? You can have your Rolls Royce. You can have your £25,000 a year till you're 65and we really looked after him very generously. He was in the way. It was essential to get on with the running of the company.

Leaning back on the leather sofa, Murdoch sighs and tries to define his position. "The proprietor has to have the last say," he says slowly. "Okay, he appoints the editor and if he fails, he gets another editor. But in the end he has a responsibility....to the public, to the people he employs, to the people he owes money to. It's an unfortunate fact of life, but publishing is big business these days. One has a whole series of responsibilities, and if you're not careful an editor has the power to send the whole Murdoch wrote to him again say- business bankrupt. The buck



January 17: The cover they said would never appear.

stops with the guy who signs the checks." Murdoch smiles. "That's why I'm not a great delegator."

The News of the World was censured by the Press Council for publishing Christine Keeler's memoirs. (The paper would be censured two more times: for publishing the story of Ronald Biggs, one of the Great Train robbers then hiding in Brazil, and for catching Lord Lambton in bed with a prostitute and having him photographed.) Murdoch's feelings in the Keeler crisis- that the world had turned against him-were reinforced in early 1970 when he was interviewed by David Frost on television. Murdoch now says he was conned into the confrontation, massaged by calls from Frost on the day of the show saying that they would have a cozy little

Frost had assured Murdoch that no one else would be on the program. But he showed footage of Cardinal Heenan condemning Murdoch for publishing the memoirs and Murdoch was furious. "I arrived at the studios and was suddenly confronted with a lynch mob calling me a pornographer," he says. "I held control. But I never believed another thing David Frost ever said. When he shakes my hand and says, 'It's nice to meet you,' I don't believe him. When that show ended, Frost asked my wife and me if we would like to go up to the hospitality room for a drink and my wife said, 'We've had enough of your hospitality.

("I think he's forgiven me," says the credulous Frost, "Ironically,through Clay Felker, I have had several subsequent pleasant meetings with Rupert.")

Within nine months of acquiring The News of the World, Murdoch was again feuding with Robert Maxwell over another British paper, the ailing Sun, a stolidly liberal and well-intentioned broadsheet. Maxwell was bested on this occasion because his talks with the printing unions broke down. Murdoch obtained The Sun for \$50,000 down, which, depending on the paper's success, would be followed by easy additional



Felker: "I'm gonna make you a star," he used to say.

payments ranging from £250, 000 to £800,000. The Sun was sold for a nominal sum partly because its board reportedly thought it would break Murdoch, and Fleet Street would then have rid itself of the Australian upstart.

Again, as in Sydney, it was not to be. But the signs were not auspicious. The Sun had been in existence for only eight years, and during that period it had lost nearly £13 million. When Murdoch bought it in 1969 it had a circulation of about 800,000. Robert Maxwell quipped that Murdoch had managed "to catch a whale with a very small hook." Murdoch waited about a month before setting his new Sun in motion. During that period, other

newspapers quoted Murdoch as saying, "I just want to brighten the paper up a little." Privately, however, Murdoch told his editors, "I want a tear-away paper with a lot of tit."

The first issue of Murdoch's Sun appeared in November 1969 and set London on its ear. The paper included a four-page installment of Jacqueline Susann's novel, The Love Machine, with bold screamers and garish banners. On the now infamous page three, there appeared a freshfaced buxom girl—naked to the waist. The main front-page story concerned itself with a trainer who had drugged race horses under the banner headline, "Horse Dope Sensation."

Much of the conservative

British press was shocked. In an editorial, *The Sunday Telegraph* stated: "Be warned, Mr. Murdoch. The British are not all sheep, fit only for an Australian abhatoir."

The warnings fell on deaf ears. The Sun was an instant success. And with each successive year it increased in circulation. Between June 1973 and June 1975, when the circulation of every major British daily fell between two and 16 per cent, The Sun's circulation rose by 15 per cent. During the early seventies, The Daily Mirror was the leading tabloid in England, selling some five million copies every day. But in 1975, when The Mirror had slipped to just over fourand-a-half million and The Sun had climbed to just under threeand-a-half million, Murdoch said to Sir Don Ryder, the Mirror chairman, "I think you'll reach four million before I do, Don."

Despite his circulation successes, Murdoch was increasingly abused for his profound and persistent displays of bad taste. "Vulgar," "common," "coarse" and "bad form" were just a sprinkling of the epithets hurled at him in England in the early seventies. The strident vulgarity of his newspapers took many forms, much of it passing for low and harmless fun, but occasionally catastrophe ensued. On March 28, 1971, The News of the World berated the BBC and revealed a secret scandal in one of its programs called "Top of the Pops." The paper reported that young girls in the show's dancing audience were having sex with men connected with the program. The paper accused the television staff of "openly boasting about their success in seducing young girls, some of whom were known to be under 16." "It was learned that young girls are smuggled into the studios if known to be promiscuous."

As in Sydney six years before, Murdoch's henchmen had found another diary. This one belonged to a 15-year-old girl called Samantha McAlpine. "How much more do we have to expose before Scotland Yard investigates?" The News of the World intoned, as it demanded immediate government action.

On the day following the publication of her diary, Samantha McAlpine committed suicide. "This girl was a victim," shrieked The News of the World on the next Sunday when it printed additional details from this little leatherette-bound book which could well blow open the scandal." But no mention was made of the subsequent inquest.

At this inquest, the coroner called the contents of the diary pure fantasy." A senior Scotland Yard officer said that "it would be ridiculous to connect anyone or anything mentioned in the diary with reality." Calling publication of the diary "ludicrous and irresponsible,"the coroner concluded that Samantha McAlpine had died while "the balance of her mind was disturbed." And one additional fact was withheld from readers of The News of the World: the local pathologist concluded that Samantha had died a virgin.

Much of the criticism of Murdoch's papers was more general, however, though it did much to irritate him. He had always been a loner, and more and more he consorted with his executives or remained at home with his wife and family. The jibes in Private Eye such as "Dirty Digger" and "Rupert 'Thanks for the Mammary' Murdoch" added to his reluctance to appear in the public eye. Murdoch lives in New York now and sitting in his office in New York magazine, he mulls over the questions of correctness and criticism in a removed and perhaps unreachable manner.

When censured by the Press Council in 1973 over the Lord Lambton affair, Murdoch was reported to have said: "The press Council has no bearing on my happiness or my sunshine.' Now, fiddling with bits of paper, folding and unfolding them, he smiles so swiftly it is like a grimace. "No, I never said that. I would never have said that. I'm not a witty person. If the Press Council is right, it worries me. We went too far in the Lambton case; we should never have taken cameras into his bedroom. As for the Keeler memoirs, the criticism was badly motivated and it got hysterical....but if you say it | work. I think most proprietors

was a mistake for us to do it, then | think of him with admira-I think you're right. It was a mistake. What I object to in England is that if we'd done it to some poor working slob, no one would have said boo. And there would have been no Press Council. But because it was an ex-Tory Cabinet minister, the whole world collapsed on us." He sounds bitter. Again, it is difficult to tell; he is very tired.

He says he had no real knowledge of the two suicides." If that was done...it's unforgiveable. It's certainly not in my personal memory. Or my personal doing. I'm not trying to run away from the question. Do you think we do that sort of thing every day?"

"No," says Neville, "but do you ever question some of the methods of tabloid journalism or its effects on people's lives?'

"Of course we do. All the time. But you've had to go back a long way for that first one.'

1964, 13 years ago.'

'Look,"says Murdoch,"haven't you ever done anything that was wrong?"

As a British newspaper proprietor.Murdoch began to find that his circulation-boosting methods were winning him readers but losing him Fleet Street friends. In brief, Murdoch was accused of lowering the quality of London journalism for profit. "He's bitterly disillusioned about London," says Peter Dunn of the Sunday Times, and he alleges that the posh papers are conducting a vendetta against him. In my view, what he would have done to The Observer is too appalling to contemplate. It would have been Murdoch's revenge."

Jocelyn Stevens, managing director of Beaverbrook Newspapers, calls Murdoch "an absentee landlord so far as Fleet Street is concerned. He never appears at the Newspaper Association meetings, he's in England little of the time. I really don't know much about him. I don't know anyone in Fleet Street who knows him well except his own executives." Stevens was much kinder than many of his peers. "I don't think too many people take a moral view," he says. "Mur-doch found a formula and made it

tion....tinged with jealousy."

Thus, Murdoch is both disliked and respected by his Fleet Street peers, a fact that almost certainly disinterests him. Murdoch has a zealot's stern, assiduous air. On the day when the Queen was visiting Fleet Street, the seven major London dailies had the grace to kill accounts of the collapse of Princess Margaret's and Lord Snowdon's marriage. The Sun did not. In a sense, one can't help admiring Murdoch for it, since he was due to dine with the Queen the next

In 1970, tempted by the publicity Murdoch had attracted when he arrived in London, two brothers named Hosein planned to kidnap Murdoch's wife and hold her for extravagent ransom.

(Anna Murdoch (née Anna Maria Tory) married Murdoch in April 1967. She was his second wife, his first marriage having been dissolved. When they first met, she was a lowly reporter on the Sydney Mirror. They courted, and two months later Murdoch made her resign, but not before a flurry of photos and bylines had appeared. The forced resignation is something she has held against him ever since. Murdoch admits with an odd and humorous tone. Murdoch is one of those men who generate apochryphal tales about themselves. One of them was told to us by Nigel Dempster, the well-known Fleet Street gossip columnist and closet-Australian. "I am a great admirer of Murdoch," he said, "but there is only one rotten thing I know he's done. When he was courting Anna in Sydney, she was involved with another journalist at the Mirror. Discovering this, Murdoch dispatched him to distant Darwin on a lengthy assignment. There are many ways to court a girl, but I draw the line at that," huffed Dempster. When asked for confirmation of the treacherous tale, Murdoch laughs and says, 'That's not true. It's not true at all. Anna was not involved with a journalist; she was briefly involved with a stockbroker and I would have had no authority to dispatch him anywhere.")

brothers planned to kidnap Anna Murdoch in 1970; but they erred and kidnapped the wrong person-Mrs. Muriel McKay, the wife of Murdoch's deputy chairman. They were apprehended and later convicted of Mrs. McKay's murder. During the investigation, the police were deluged with calls from clairvoyants and cranks. anonymous letter concluded: "I will let Mrs. McKay go if The News of the World and The Sun publicly announce that they will not corrupt our kids anymore by printing all that filth." Following the investigation, Murdoch was seen less and less outside his Fleet Street offices.

On To America

In early 1973, Murdoch continued his westerly migration, this time to the U.S. He toved with buying The Washington Star and made an offer of \$1 million for the National Enquirer "to try and get a bite," but his offer was refused. In 1973 he made his first acquisitions-the San Antonio Express and the San Antonio News-for \$19.7 million. The Express has been left pretty much untouched, but the News is glutted with the familiar Murdochian rapes and grotesque murders. The naked girls, however, have been left behind in London, since we can't do that in San Antonio. It's a different market." In 1974, concerned local citizens attempted to buy back the paper, but Murdoch wanted \$7 million more than he had paid the year before.

Already the old Sydney-London techniques have been put into effect: many of the paper's best staffers have departed, some gracelessly elbowed into the cold, others following disputes with management when the full implications of Murdochery became known. "Everybody knows there are sewage lines below the streets," lamented a local banker, "but people don't normally like to get down in them."

In 1974, Murdoch launched The National Star (now called The Star), a tabloid now selling some 1.5 million copies a week In any event, the Hosein on newsstands and in supermar-

mula didn't seem to work at first. "I had a little over-confidence in starting *The Star*," Murdoch admits. "I found I was over my head pretty quickly and I thought immediately, 'Hey, I'm not going to run away from all this.' So we stayed."

Late last year, Murdoch embarked upon his hapless and doomed flirtation with The Observer. Murdoch now admits to being "pretty resentful of what happened. I was a fool to be sucked into it in the first place. For two years we were begged and pleaded with to come in. Then there were complaints in Parliament making us out to look grasping when we really didn't want it at all. I could kick myself. I feel a bit used. I know that it was a very, very lucky escape."

Donald Chelford, The Ob-

kets. Oddly, the old, happy for- | server's editor, says that Mur- | doch acted gentlemanly, though it was known that his head would have been among the first to roll. But privately, he confided to a friend that when he met Murdoch in New York to discuss the bid. "everything that anyone said that wasn't directly concerned with sex or money, Murdoch said 'bullshit' to.

"We actually liked many of Murdoch's ideas," said Chelford. "We even could have worked with him, but he wanted to put in Bruce Rothwell, his dreadful hatchet man, which is why I decided to inform the staff of his bid. He really wanted to change the character of the pa-

Ultimately, of course, The Observer announced it had been sold to Robert D. Anderson of ARCO and that everyone was much relieved. "Mr. Anderson's

been called a modern-day | Medici," said Murdoch. "There are a lot of strange things about it. The Observer is a paper consistently pro-Zionist and has now been bought by a man who tried to get Nixon to back the Arabs in the last war. ARCO is a strange oil company with a lot of phony intellectuals from the mountains

Just as Murdoch cannot help but change the character of the papers he purchases, cannot contain his obsessive tamperings, so can he almost never resist the temptation to play for significant stakes in politics. Like a bull in heat, he simply cannot help himself. In Australia, for example, Murdoch's newspapers supported Gough Whitlam as Prime Minister in the 1972 elections, after 23 years of reactionary rule. But when the economy slumped and Whitlam, at least in the view

of Murdoch, made some serious political blunders, the relationship between the two men soured. "I thought Gough had gone quite mad," says Murdoch, and I thought it was time to change back.

Thus, in 1975, Murdoch traveled to Australia to throw his considerable weight behind Liberal Party leader Malcolm Fraser, who, using questionable methods, had instigated another election before Whitlam had completed his term. It was Murdoch's influential role in this campaign that destroyed his diminishing claims to credibility as a publisher of impartial news. Murdoch broke major stories detrimental to the Labor Government; he filed his own personal reports from foreign city desks under the byline, "A Special Correspondent"; he supervised the presentation of news from the campaign trail, dictated editorials and spiked copy from journalists that countered his opinions.

As a result, 22 journalists on The Australian went out on strike and signed a joint protest letter. Others resigned or demanded their bylines be deleted from the paper. Murdoch's chief political correspondent, Bruce Stannard, who had worked for Murdoch all over the world, walked out after his stories were continually killed. Another journalist recalled that any criticism of Fraser was deleted, as was praise of Whitlam, while criticisms of Whitlam were headlined. Since late last year, most of the bright, investigative minds have left The Australian, which is now said to be "manned by a Grade-B hack and a gaggle of casuals."

Sitting now in the corner of the leather Chesterfield, Murdoch quietly insists he tried to present an unbiased picture in the elections. "Journalists on The Australian," he says, "some of them for honest motives, others for motives I won't go into, got very emotionally involved in Gough Whitlam's cause. And it was the editor's judgment that they were coloring their writing to a disgraceful extent. Such stories were spiked."

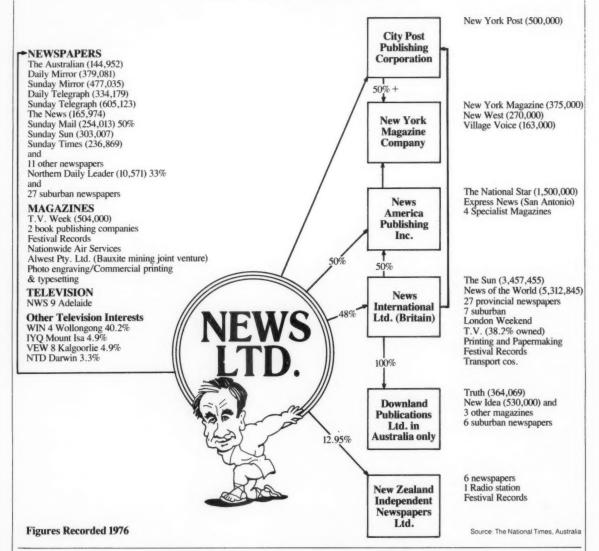
As a result of colored writing of another kind, a boycott was



End of the beginning: Felker (center) with star writers Pete Hamill (left) and Jimmy Breslin on May 5. 1967, the day the World Journal Tribune folded. Felker set right out from there to raise money for an independent New York. Fred McDarrah

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organized against *The Australian*, and following a particularly virulent editorial penned by Murdoch himself, a mob stormed the offices of the *Sydney Mirror*, disrupting production and burning copies of the issue in the street.

"They were rent-a-picket types," says Murdoch, leaning forward in the sofa, "and there weren't too many."

"But most people believe you plies.

were blatantly one-sided in that campaign," says Neville, "and that your news reports were heavily biased."

"I know, I know," Murdoch shrugs. "Everyone became very emotional, very paranoid."

Neville smiles. "So, on this issue, you really believe you're the only soldier in the whole army marching in step?"

"I certainly do," Murdoch re-

There were those who believed that Murdoch's emotional involvement in the campaign sprang from more material causes—his mining interests, for instance, which had been brought to a standstill by Whitlam's particular kind of socialism. Murdoch saw nothing significant in that. "But that's why I'm getting out of minerals," he says. "It leaves me wide open. It's a mistake for me to

own anything but newspapers. I'm glad I'm out. It was a pain in the ass."

Earlier in the day, we had asked former Prime Minister Whitlam, who is currently suing several of Murdoch's papers, for an assessment of the wiley proprietor's real motives.

"Well, I think Mr. Murdoch has the ambition, not uncommon among news people from Northcliffe, Rothermere and the lot, to appear as a man who determines great events, of having political power. Accordingly, he must always appear to be backing a winner. Mr. Murdoch *likes* to feel important."

When pressed for specific reasons to explain Murdoch's vitriolic volte-face during the campaign, Whitlam laughed, implying it was long enough ago to be forgotten. "The caravan moves on," he said, "leaving the dogs to bark in its wake."

Despite rampant acrimony among those fallen afoul of Murdoch, his newspaper offices are cluttered with journalists who favor him. It is, perhaps, an indication of Murdoch's power that there were several of his journalists, who, though praising him, prefer the guise of anonymity

Steve Dunleavy, associate editor of The Star, "working with Murdoch is bloody marvelous. His door is always open.' He tells tales of Murdoch flying members of his staff great distances to be with ailing relatives. When asked for comment on those reporters who left Murdoch's employ because of his editorial interference, Dunleavy says, "They're all rather bearded and precious, you know, tweed coats with leather patches, that sort of thing." To Dunleavy and others, the reporters and editors sacked by Murdoch got little more than they deserved.

Murdock's largesse, oddly, does not always include members of his own family. About a year ago, Karen Wilson, his sister-in-law, while riding a horse on Murdoch's 5,000-acre estate in Australia, was hurled to the ground when one of Murdoch's children frightened the animal. She was rushed to the hospital with severe back injuries. Spare no expenses, the magnanimous press lord later said as she embarked on a costly course of treatment. As it turned out, she didn't but he did. "When Murdoch found the accident was not covered by his insurance," Karen Wilson's boyfriend said,"the bastard refused to pay."

Reporters at the New York Post are still unsure of him. "The people here are unhappy and depressed about the quality," says one. "Murdoch brought in his two star Australian reporters to cover the Claudine Longet trial and their stuff is really tacky, just trash. And have you seen Jim Brady's muck on Page Six? You can imagine what he'll do to New York magazine."

"Murdoch is a pro," says another *Post* reporter. "During the first 10 days he owned the paper, he only came in once and then he went around changing all the reporters' leads. Said he was tightening them up. The editors are bending over backwards to nlease him."

But what, one wonders, will please him? Presumably a strict adherence to "Red Rupert's" party line and allegiance to the journalistic formula that has worked so well, so frequently, on his long march across the world. It has made him a rich and powerful man. But then, no one ever went broke underestimating the public's taste, Rupert Murdoch least of all. For the most part, his newspapers are the journalistic equivalent of junk food: convenient, quick, tasteless, uncomplicated, the pits. Murdoch is the Burger King of journalism. Since 1952 he has built his bordello of newspapers across three continents. For 25 years, his papers have been purveyors of cheap thrills, inciters of death and false alarms, advocates of obsolete prejudices, saboteurs of taste, hawkers of back seats and second fiddles, of cocks and

Murdoch seems to believe, quite genuinely, that the sheer size of *The News of the World*—"1.5 million more copies than its nearest rival"—automatically makes it "the world's greatest Sunday newspaper." Murdoch believes the posh papers are actually smuttier than either *The Sun or The News of the World*.

The Observer, for example, has written of "women masturbating on horseback" and The Guardian has run "double-page spreads on pubic hairs." If this were not enough, The Evening Standard "uses four-letter words." Hunched on the edge of the sofa, his head in his hands, Murdoch suddenly looks up. "I don't think you have the right to

breach taste," he says, "just because you print it on glossy paper or use smaller type. The only difference between *The News of the World* and *The Sunday Times* is the size of their headlines." He pauses. "And look at *The Guardian*," he says, as though he has just remembered the one real flagrant offender. "It's become undergraduate and full of lavatory jokes. It's just *bad* journalism."

Looking around, Murdoch asks for the time. He has an appointment at six, it seems, and will have to leave on time. "We're always being criticized for our girls in The Sun," he says. "I don't see what's wrong with them. They're clean and fresh and they're very pretty. There's nothing wrong with that. I remember the people at The Sunday Times once went through a year of copies of The Sun counting the nipples. So we went back through a year of issues of The Sunday Times. There were more nipples in The Sunday Times ...but that's neither here or there.

"We don't think *The Sun* is smutty. *The Sun* is pretty antiseptic. There are no *four-letter* words in *The Sun*. I think *The Sun* is done with great quality and I think it's done with great seriousness of purpose. It's superbabloid technique. And when it comes to a big story, we cover it better than anyone."

There seems little point in contradiction. "What changes are you planning at *New York* magazine?" he is asked.

"You know, wherever I am in the world, I could look at the magazine and could tell whether Clay was in New York or on the West Coast. His absence was obvious. I could tell every time. I think the magazine's got to be more New York. Turn the clock back. A couple of years ago it was a superb product. I know people sneer and say 'boutique journalism' and so on. But it's still got some terrific stuff in it."

"What about the Voice? In terms of your publishing record, what would qualify you to run The Village Voice?"

"Nothing," says Murdoch.
"It's a new experience, that's all.
I'm not going to interfere with
the Voice, although conceptually, I'll have to turn the clock
back a bit. The Voice should be
irreverent, anti-establishment,
muckraking... uncontrollable.
As much as I admire Clay, I felt
he lost his way with the Voice."

Murdoch asks for the time again, then says he should go. Standing up, he reaches across the long pine bench and shakes hands, almost delicately. Leaving the private office, he is immediately joined by Jim Brady. A small cigar hanging from his mouth, Brady tags along in Murdoch's wake. Occasionally, Murdoch turns around to issue a command or two. Then, he is gone.

"What did you think?" says Neville.

"Well, he wasn't a barrel of laughs."

"Dour."

"Definitely dour."

"And shifty."

"That, too."

"What do you suppose he meant by 'women masturbating on horseback?"

"Beats me. What did he mean by four-letter words?"

"I don't know. We don't have four-letter words at *The Sun*. We're a *family* newspaper."



Fred McDarral

POWER SHIFTS IN BACKROOMS OF TV NEWS

Film Editors Cling To Crucial Cutting Power, But Tape Is Taking Over

The old-fashioned film editor is journalist and producer, too.

BY ALLAN WOLPER

For years a little-known guild of craftsmen has had more to do with shaping the news you see on TV than most anchormen. Suddenly, however, the reign of TV news film editors has been threatened by the rapid rise of the minicam, the lightning-fast, super-portable videotape camera that can record a news event and put it directly on the air without the costly deadline time that has to be spent developing film. Tape does not have to be developed.

In five years, everything on the news shows will be on tape. In fact, it's already begun to happen. At the National Broadcasting Company, for example, film will be replaced on local news shows within two years. In the documentary area, present plans call for film to give way to tape in 1980.

What this means is that, because of union rules, a whole new group of news editors—the tape-cutting technologists—are threatening to take over the behind-the-scenes image-making power once held exclusively by film editors.

This is more than a story about a dying craft. Because TV news film editors don't think of themselves as mere technologists. They consider themselves, first, old-fashioned, hard-nosed journalists who keep the mod sharpies of TV news honest—by preventing them from shaving quotes, distorting responses with editing that makes the reporter look good and the interviewee look bad—all the tricks the Agnews and the Edith Efrons accuse the TV "news twisters" of foisting on the public.

Allan Wolper, managing editor of the SoHo Weekly News, is writing a book on investigative reporting.

Charmian Reading

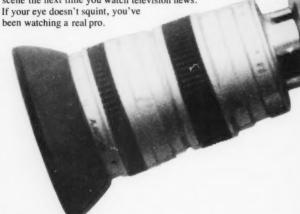


But the film editors, many crusty veterans of years spent in the backrooms of the newsrooms, think of themselves in even larger terms: in a real way they are the producers, even the artists, of TV news—and they don't think the new breed of tape cutters bring the sophistication, the journalistic standards, and, yes, the artistic integrity that the film editing guild has developed over the years.

The kind of image-making power a film or tape editor has is exemplified by the way three different networks handled the potentially devastating election eve incident at Jimmy Carter's church in Plains, Georgia. (See box on page 28).

To Tell The Truth?

Most film editors face hundreds of decisions every working day about words, contexts, what's responsible to cut for the sake of time and what distorts. The magic of the film editor is to take an ordinary film and make it flow. Make it move from one frame to another, with no jumps, no sudden jerks. Watch a scene the next time you watch television news.



Minicam peril: The new lightweight tape technology threatens the jobs of skilled film editors like Britta Halling.

Producers like to compare a film editor to a copy editor on a newspaper. The copy editor is the last arbiter, the person who catches that spelling mistake, fixes an ungrammatical sentence and saves the reporter who forgot to put in the word "allegedly" from a libel suit.

A good film editor can cut a film the same way a copy editor can change a sentence. Film editors can cut out prepositions, verbs, slice an "s" off a plural word to make it singular. Most people don't know the degree to which film is edited. They think that when they hear someone say something, it's exactly the way it was recorded. Not so. People with grammatical problems can find themselves saved by good film editors. The trick is to do the job ethically and objectively.

Gene Marciona is a documentary producer at ABC and was a former producer of WABC-TV's 6 p.m. "Eyewitness News." "You can take out a person's

mistakes or leave them in," Marciona said. "I ask film editors to

remove mistakes to make a

more accurate film. Sometimes people don't even know that we have done that. They look and sound better but they don't know what we did."

Marciona says a film can be edited to correct a person's speech or to make him sound more fluid. "If you really don't like a person, it is possible to make him sound worse than he is. He may goof on camera, but it is up to you to decide if he is not being himself. If I feel that he didn't understand the question,



SONY VIDEOCORDER

Lily Hou [

ors who make sure the politicians sound right-the people who make television political commercials. Avram Gold, who is 28 years old, is one of those people. During the last campaign, Gold edited commercials for Gerald Ford. "One of the things you learn is that you can make anyone say anything," Gold explained. "In a documentary, you have to clean up dialogue. Sometimes you will spend time just searching for a word. If you need a word, you can go through the film until you find it and then put it in the film. The most interesting thing is looking for an "s" to make a word a plural."

"I think the public, the general public, doesn't know how much cheating goes on in television The only way to be totally accurate is to show everything. When an editor makes a cut, it is a conscious decision. There is no way to show an objective piece of reporting on television. Television is dangerous because the public believes in the adage that

'seeing is believing'.'

They do it all on a simple machine called a Steenbeck. It is filled with spools around which the film is wound. The film moves forward at the normal rate of 60 seconds to a minute, but can be speeded up by simply fastforwarding it, in the manner of a tape recorder. The writer/ producer/correspondent usually checks off his incues (when the film starts) and endcues or outcues (when it ends), marking off several spots on the film he may want to use. The film editor will use an erasable marker on the film as a cutting guide. The editor cuts his film with a splicer, cutting by foot, by second or by frame. Sometimes the editor will simply cut the film which contains the sound on it. At other times, he may have to edit a separate soundtrack, matching the film to that sound. Making the sound and the film mesh is a difficult job. The film editor puts his piece together on the machine, working with his producer, watching the results of their work on the screen above their spool-like slicing board. The tape process is quicker simply because the tape is in a kind of com-

Which brings us to the film edit- | to be developed in a laboratory. The tape is simply put into place and is cut electronically. The tape editor uses his hands to push buttons to make his edits. The film editor uses his hands.

Most film editors are so good with their hands that their imprint on the news can't be spotted. But there are five obvious cues that allow the alert viewer to spot and be alert to the possibilities of distortion within - a film editing

once you're looking at the back of | impact of the cut varies with the the interviewer's head. Or even the back of Jimmy's head. The film editor has made an edit. A

3) The Long Shot. There is a giant rally. The voice on your set is promising to end the war in Vietnam, Cambodia, Lebanon, But don't believe that the voice is in synch unless there is a close-up of the person speaking.

4) B-roll. A man is talking.



"Producers aren't as objective as we are," says Nancy Lea, veteran film editor with CBS. Charmian Reading

intervention.

1) The Cutaway. That's what happens when the camera shifts suddenly from the subject to the reporter asking the question. After an interview is over, the television correspondent sits down in front of the camera and rattles off a series of questions that will fit the subject's responses. Those questions are inserted into the interview in the film editor's room. The film editor will use the questions to break up the soundtrack of the person being interviewed.

2) Back Of Head Shot. Another version of the cutaway. Jimmy posite machine that does not have | Carter is talking about Amy. All at |

Suddenly you are watching what he's talking about. It means one of two things. The editor has put a picture over the man's voice to break up the monotony of a "talking head," or he has made an edit. One of the ways to spot it is to listen to the voice. A sudden change in inflection is a broadhint that an edit (cut) has been made.

5) Jump Cut. This is what everyone always talks about, but not many people know how it works. The film editor has not been given any B-roll such as shots of houses or the suspect being brought out of the station house. So without any smooth transition, he makes a cut. The skill of the editor. Some of them can edit a jump cut so skillfully that you will think something is in your eye. Here again, the change of tone in the person being interviewed is a hint that an edit (cut) has been made. A cloddy film editor will leave no doubt. The film will seem to jump as if it has been tripped and it's there for all to see.

The typical television film editor has been around a long time. Many are graduates of the movies, people who made magic in the cinema. They are both creative and jealous folk. Nearly all film editors are men. In recent years, there has been only a slight movement to women, and now that the film editors are literally folding up shop, women will find it even tougher to break in. In fact, the smart women are trying to get into the tape field, another bastion of male supremacy. As a group, the film editors see themselves as a combination of Alfred Hitchcock (director), David Susskind (producer), John Wayne. Barbara Walters and Norman Mailer.

Ken Alvord, a reporter for the NBC affiliate in Washington, says that most film editors he's dealt with are highly political. "They've been around," he says. "You aren't telling them anything. And they have some very definite ideas. If something is a piece of shit, they certainly will tell you A good film editor will fight as hard as a reporter to keep a story intact. It has his signature on it."

The editors start signing their film the moment they take it out of the tin can. If they are working for a daily news show, there won't be much time to cut it. Film editors on the one-hour local shows have less time than the network people, whose newscasts last just a halfhour. The average film editor is given about seven minutes of film to cut down to about one minute and 30 seconds. Maybe 30 seconds more if it's a hot story. The film is usually run through the Steenbeck film processing machine where the piece is cut.

The film editor usually looks for the "standup" on the film roll when he starts. The standup is that section of the film where the re-

introductory spiel, something like, "On this spot just an hour ago, a little boy was shot... Then to the "close," that part of the piece where the reporter ends his story. A reporter who thinks he is bigger than life can be cut down to size at the Steenbeck. For example, some reporters tend to produce 45-second openings. A film editor can trim that down to 20 seconds and make the reporter sound like a matinee idol. Accordingly, reporters, producers and correspondents all try to get along with the film editor, partly to protect themselves, and partly because the film editor's judgment on what picture is good for the piece is often the best.

Ted Kavanau, head of a syndicated news film operation in Oakland, says the parameters of a film editor's job expand or contract depending on how good he is. "The more sensitive a guy is, the more leeway he gets," notes Kavanau. "And the more sensitive the man is, the better the film editor. The best ones combine intelligence, sensitivity and speed. Speed is crucial. He can be intelligent, but that's not going to be any good if he's not fast. They can ruin you by slowing down.'

But they don't. Film editors consider themselves journalists. They may want to kill a reporter or a producer, but the good ones won't let their feuds get in the way of their fingers. They want the story to be right, partly so they can brag about the job they did. So they can talk about how they saved "his/her ass" from "fucking up." The film editors also contend—off the record—that they are better at getting at the guts of a story than many of the television producers or correspondents. What follows are glimpses of some of the best in the business.

Imre Horvath is 36 years old. He has been in television for nine years. The first eight he was a film editor, now he is in his second season as a producer for "60 Minutes," CBS's Sunday-night news program. "I have a different view of news as a producer than I did as a film editor," he told me in a recent interview. "When you produce a piece, you get a different view of a person. You get to

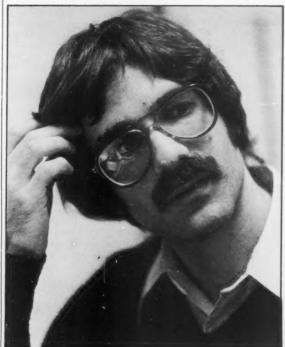
porter stands there and gives his | know him. A film editor sees the | story more objectively. A film editor knows if the interview worked."

> The producer says what foot to cut," he says with a smile. The film editor knows what frame to cut."

Nancy Lea is 48 and has been with CBS for 13 years. Until recently she worked with Dalglish on "60 Minutes." Now she has

most important thing a film editor | has to do. And the most difficult. In many places, a television reporter is paid according to how many pieces he gets on the air. For that reason, reporters might put extra pressure on the film editor or producer to get the piece cut in order to promote a news story that should be shelved.

Any reporter who tries to force Ben Foti into something like that



"You can make anyone say anything," says Avram Gold, who edited Gerald Ford's tv commercials. Charmian Reading

been transferred to "Who's Who," a new people-oriented soft-news program featuring Dan Rather. She points out that a documentary film editor has more say in a piece than an everyday news editor. "The producer isn't as objective as we are," she adds, echoing some of her colleagues. "We are very careful of how we cut something. We are extremely fair." According to Lea, CBS news chief Richard Salant has a longstanding policy that makes "film editors responsible for a piece's accuracy. It is up to the film editor to say to a producer: we can't do this.'

is going to get into a lot of trouble. The squat, easygoing Foti has been a film editor at the Metromedia Station in New York (WNEW) for 21 years. Recently WNEW has been attracting a lot of attention because of its aggressive news coverage - and because its 10 o'clock nightly news show gives way at 11 p.m. to Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman.

Foti literally started from the bottom, working in the company mail room. Back then he was dreaming of becoming a director. He still thinks he is. "In a way, you are directing the film," he Saying "we can't do this" is the says, hunched over his viewing

machine. "The pacing is yours. Sometimes a reporter is too close to a story. They sometimes need someone who is not as close to it to look at it." Foti is talking about things he won't do. He won't doctor anybody's statement. He will resist strongly any attempts to make him change the way an interview is presented. "The content should be just as the guy said it," Foti maintains. "There are times when something is at the end and someone wants to put it at the beginning. I won't do it. You can change the context by changing the order [of the quote]."

Since the lead of the story is sometimes at the end of a political statement, I am tempted to argue. But I ask him if he would fix up a sound bite (a stretch of sound on a film) to make someone look good. Like taking out the oohs and hmms and aaahs that politicians have a habit of using as they search the recesses of their minds for an answer to a question. Foti tries not to glare at me as he turns around. "We may tighten something up because of time," he says, "but we'll leave the pause in

Over at the National Broadcasting Company is Britta Halling, a 36-year-old Sausalito, California, native who is a staff film editor on the network's "Nightly News." Halling brings something special to her editing room. Before she began cutting film, she was a researcher and later a reporter in Paris for L'Express, a Frenchlanguage daily newspaper. So she edits from several different perspectives. When I cornered her at NBC, she was cutting a three-part investigation on insurance being produced by the Pulitzer Prizewinning, former newspaperman James Polk. Halling explains how her journalism background helps her in film editing. "I have an ear for words, an ability to deal with words," she says. "There are two types of people in the world. Word people and picture people. I can visualize words."

But nuance is so important. Halling used a story she edited several months ago to make her point. The story, shot in the Lebanese mountains, was about a group of women training for the war there. Their gymnastic gyrations could have been cut to give

'NIGGER'-TO AIR OR CUT IT?

From official network transcripts, here's how three network producers and their tape cutters edited the story of the confrontation outside Jimmy Carter's Plains church. The way CBS edited the tape, one would think that Reverend Edwards was calling blacks "niggers," which would have made him look as bigoted as the church deacons. ABC pointed out that the word "niggers" came from the 1965 church resolution. NBC's commentator, Mary Alice Williams, read from the resolution that talked about barring "all niggers and civil rights agitators."

First let's look at what CBS had to say:

CBS's Bruce Hall: In recent years, blacks have attended services at the church, but none has sought official church membership. However, both Jimmy Carter and the Reverend Edwards have said they would support a request for membership. But the deacons, who are the ruling body of the church, decided to block the membership attempt.

Edwards: They agreed to enforce the 1965 resolution which bars all niggers and other civil rights agitators from church services.

Hall: Reverend Edwards says that although he disagrees with the resolution, he believes today's attempt was politically motivated.

Edwards: It seems obvious to me that this is an attempt by the enemies of Governor Carter to sabotage his campaign by guilt by association.

Now the ABC version:

ABC's Charles Murphy: The Reverend King and his group were met at the door of the church, but The Reverend Bruce Edwards told them services were cancelled. The Reverend Edwards then revealed he and the Board of Deacons were at odds over the way the matter was handled.

Edwards: I advised them that I felt the best policy would be to receive Reverend King into our church even though it was obvious that he did not desire membership in our church for spiritual reasons, but solely for political reasons, and possible personal publicity. The deacons did not feel that was the best policy. They agreed to enforce the 1965 resolution which bars all niggers, and other civil right agitators from church services. They expressed that this was their intention and what they would do, and I told them that I was very uncomfortable with that resolution and did not feel that it reflected the views of the entire membership of our church.

Murphy: He said the racial epithet was quoted from a 1965 church resolution. A deacon said the word was colored, but beyond that the deacons would not talk to news reporters. They were clearly upset with their minister. The minister says he's considering resigning over the handling of the matter.

And finally NBC:

NBC's Judy Woodruff: King has run for political office several times but never won many votes. Edwards told reporters he thought what King did today was a publicity stunt, designed to hurt Carter.

Edwards: I think it's fairly obvious that Governor Carter has a majority of the black vote in our country and I think this is an attempt to try and take that away from him and say, you know, he's a member of a bigoted, segregated church, and you know, how can this man be a friend of — black people.

Woodruff: Edwards said church deacons voted unanimously to cancel today's services rather than permit King to try to join. Edwards said they chose to enforce the 1965 resolution still on church books that excludes blacks from membership. Jimmy Carter and his family were the only ones to vote against it at the time.

the piece a comical flavor. "But it wasn't funny," Halling recalled. "I was thinking that maybe half those women wouldn't be alive in a month." She edited it straight.

Slanted editing is something that hardly anyone admits ever exists. But it does. One cannot cut a film without pushing in a particular direction. And more and more people are becoming aware of it.

"Businessmen and community leaders are aware that what they say on television can be manipulated." one television producer, who requested anonymity, told me. "The more sophisticated they are, the more negative they are about being interviewed on television. They are very aware of editing. Politicians are beginning to ask for the right to make an uncut statement. A politician can always say he's being misquoted in a newspaper, but no one will

believe you if you say you have been misquoted on television. There you are saying it, even though it can be taken out of context or turned around."

In the very near future, the fingers that know the nuance will have to push buttons. The advent of the minicam is responsible. The minicam - short for miniature camera - is a complex tape machine that only two years ago weighed 50 pounds. It's getting lighter. And it's quicker. A tape crew can rush to a disaster and record it live with a minicam. Or it can rush back to the complicated taping offices and edit electronically off the machine. Remember. film must be developed before it can be cut. So tape is cutting a step from the process. Increasing the speed. The most important word in television news.

Most news people agree with film editors that something will be

lost if TV continues with the big switch from film to tape. People describe tape as "cold," "mechanical." "antiseptic." "clinical" — "that Mary Hartman look" — as opposed to the "subtle lighting effects," the "fluidity." "texture" and "dramatic intensity" that film gives news footage.

But unless their union can come up with a solution, something else is going to be lost: the film editors' jobs. No one thinks film editors would have any trouble adjusting to tape editing, and most people agree they could bring some journalistic savvy to the process that the new tape-bred technicians lack.

But whether a large number of film editors will make the transition depends more on politics than on talent. Most film editors belong to the International Alliance of Theatrical, Stage Employees

Union (IATSE), except at CBS, where many have joined the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers Union (IBEW). Nearly all the tape editors belong to the National Association of Broadcast and Electronic Technicians (NABET). Even if the unions can resolve their problems, there is no guarantee that the tape membership will welcome the film editors into the fold. For one thing, film editors tend to be more talented than their technical counterparts. And who wants to open up a job to someone who might be better than he is? Television is doing a wonderful job improving its product technically, but it can't push buttons to make people change. Someday when it's all tape, the talent will even itself out. But by that time, it may not even be necessary to have tape editors. Progress marches on.

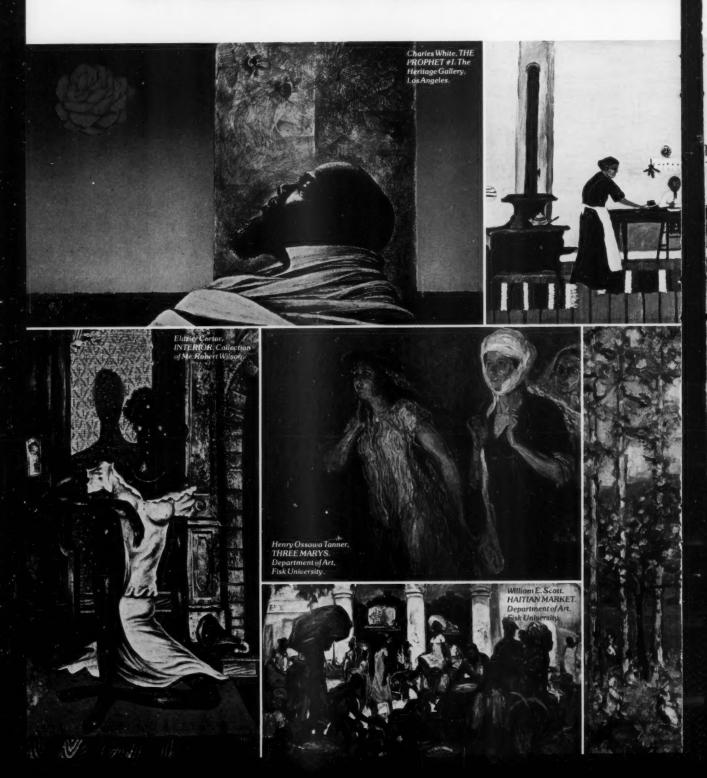




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Madison Avenue And Wall Street Hit Hard

BY RALPH KEYES

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If you don't love us, you have a year to return us.
Remington Shavers.

To ski us is to love us. Sugarbush Inn.

This book loves you. The Joy of Sex.

What the world needs now is "LOVE" - the now look in plush shag by Sears.

Why buy from a stranger—you have a friend in the family. Family Stores.

The consumer's friend since 1954. FedMart.

A good friend of the family. The American Automobile Association.

You have a friend at Chase Manhattan.

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Ralph Keyes is a freelance writer



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I can be very friendly. Sunoco.

Toyo gives you more than a warranty. Toyo gives you a friend.

Ann L. Tracy always shops with a friend. BankAmericard.

So let one of my friends take care of you, one of my 450 TraveLodge friends.

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The Wizard of Avis: a good friend in a tight situation.

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Weight Watchers: if you need a friend.

Since we're neighbors, let's be friends. Safeway.

Sony TC-45 is a true friend that sticks with you all day long...

ANCO: your foul-weather friend.

Say hello to an old friend. General Telephone.

The best friend you ever had is an amp you can depend on. Peavey Electronics.

Best friend you ever had. Dr. Scholl's Air Pillow Shoes.

The commuter's best friend. WINS Radio.

You've got a friend at WCAU. When you need a friend 24 hours a day. WNFW-FM.

Get to know who your friends really are! WNBC-TV
NewsCenter 4.

Businessman's best friend. Business Week.

Redbook's like a good friend.

It's not just a magazine. It is a good friend. Good Housekeeping.

People is good friends.

Why not relax with a friend? The Los Angeles Times.

Enjoy a weekly visit from a family friend.

The National Enquirer.

Make friends with the only 747 to Seattle. United Airlines.

We're always striking up friendships with people we never see again. It's a little sad. American Airlines.

A LONE SOLDIER'S WAR AGAINST CBS AND MIKE WALLACE

Colonel Tony Herbert Says '60 Minutes' Ruined His Good Name — And He Wants It Back

When does aggressive reporting become malice?

BY ROBERT FRIEDMAN

Four years after being forced out of the United States Army for trying to uncover a cover-up of war crimes in Vietnam, Tony Herbert still has his military crew cut. Although no longer a lieutenant colonel in fact, he retains the rank in appearance, from the half-inch hairs standing at attention atop his head to the large, muscular body that seems out of place in civilian clothes. Tony Herbert is a fighter. In Korea, he was this country's most decorated soldier; in the 1950s, his picture was displayed on the cover of Army training manuals; in Vietnam, he took on the entire Army bureaucracy over the issue of war crimes and was outnumbered. Now, still bruised from that defeat, Tony Herbert is going up against another Goliath—CBS.

In January 1974, Herbert filed a \$22.5 million libel suit against CBS, correspondent Mike Wallace and producer Barry Lando in response to a "60 Minutes" story, "The Selling of Colonel Herbert," that had been aired a year earlier. He also asked for a similar amount in damages from the Atlantic Monthly magazine, which published an article about Herbert, written by Lando, in May 1973. Both the "60 Minutes" broadcast and the Atlantic piece challenged Herbert's credibility, implied that he himself had committed war crimes and suggested that his recently published book, Soldier, was more fiction than fact. (The attack on Herbert's book was one of those amusing conglomerate ironies: the publisher, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, is a subsidiary of CBS. At one point, when Herbert was sued by an officer accused in the book of covering up war crimes, CBS was in the awkward position of having to defend Herbert and defend itself from Herbert at the same time.)

After nearly three years inching across a battlefield strewn with lawyers and affidavits, *Herbert v. CBS* is approaching trial in Federal court. Thousands of pages of pre-trial depositions—from Wallace, Lando, "60 Minutes" executive producer Don Hewitt, CBS vice president William Leonard, *Atlantic* editors and a Pentagon information officer—have been faithfully recorded by stenographers; hundreds of documents—in-house CBS memoranda, notes from interviews conducted by Lando—have been produced in compliance with discovery motions; and reams of paper have been disgorged by Pentagon Xerox machines in response to Herbert's Freedom of Information requests for his Army files. Whatever the final disposition of the Herbert lawsuit, the files and memos made public by the litigation provide a fascinating look inside the news and information depart-

ments of two powerful, and usually uncommunicative, institutions—the Pentagon and CBS.

According to Herbert's lawyers, Jonathan Lubell and Mary O'Melveny, the trial is expected to begin before the summer. But Herbert, who has had considerable experience preparing for battle, is patient. "I was told this libel suit might take five years," he says with appropriate military determination. "Hell, I don't care if it takes 55 years. I'm going through with it."

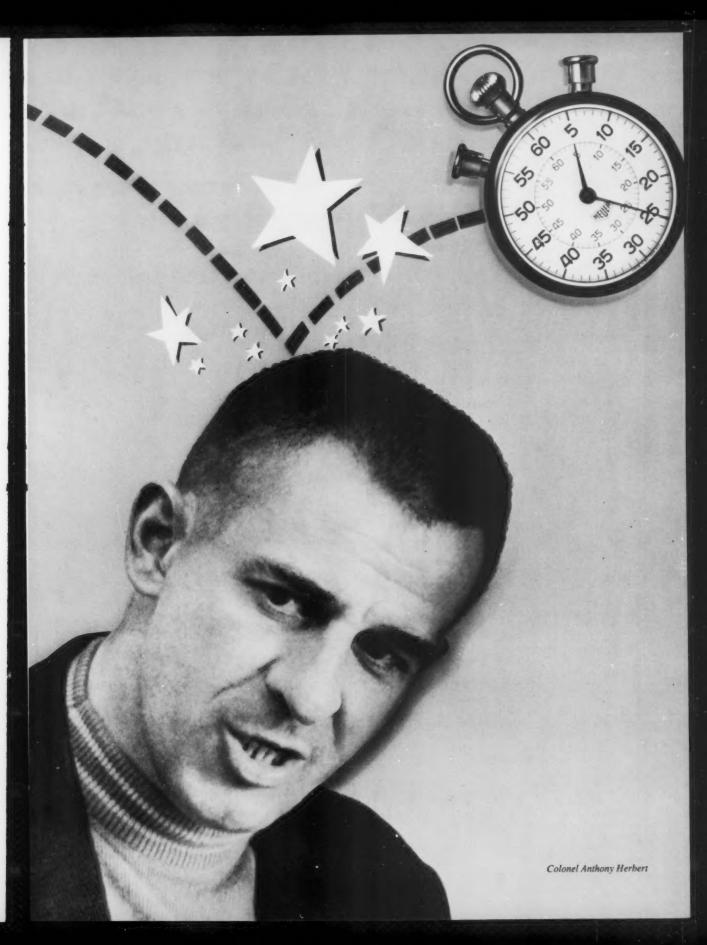
Herbert has a difficult fight ahead. In order to win his case, he must prove not only that CBS broadcast false statements about him, but that it did so with malice. And, in order to prove that a statement was made with malice - as defined in the Supreme Court's 1964 landmark libel decision, Times v. Sullivan - he must show that it was made with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not." In other words, even if what Wallace and Lando aired was false, Herbert would have to demonstrate that they acted with "reckless disregard" for the truth. This construction by the Supreme Court was intended as an extra layer of protection for the media in its reporting about public officials and public figures. In subsequent libel rulings, the Court interpreted its "reckless disregard" standard to mean entertaining "serious doubts as to the truth" of a statement, or acting in a way that constituted "an extreme departure from the standards of investigation and reporting ordinarily adhered to by responsible publishers.

What such "standards of investigation" are, and whether they were adhered to in the preparation of "The Selling of Colonel Herbert," are at the heart of the case. Herbert contends that Lando, prior to any substantial investigation, set out to prove that he was a liar; that Lando collaborated with the Pentagon to discredit Herbert; that, in the course of his research, he gathered statements and evidence supporting Herbert that were not presented on the program; that several statements made on the show could not be substantiated; and that Wallace's interview with Herbert was conducted under extremely unfavorable conditions. In short, a hatchet job.

Neither Lando, nor his lawyers, nor anyone else at CBS will comment on Herbert's charges or on any aspect of the "60 Minutes" program. But in statements filed with the court and in their depositions, both Lando and Wallace stand by the content of their Herbert story, deny that they acted with malice and maintain that their broadcast was protected by the First Amendment. Herbert's lawyers also refuse to discuss the case, but they made available depositions and documents that have been exchanged between the parties.

The story behind the "60 Minutes" story is recounted by Lando in his Atlantic article and, in even greater detail, in his 2,694-page

Robert Friedman is a freelance writer. This article was based on research by him and Winslow Peck, an editor of Counterspy magazine.



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deposition. Lando first thought about doing a piece on Herbert in the fall of 1971, shortly after he started working at "60 Minutes." He had interviewed Herbert a few months earlier for a CBS News story about the treatment of prisoners in Vietnam. At the time, Lando later wrote in a memo to Wallace, "I believed totally in the man." He even suggested to Herbert that they write a book together. (Herbert believes that his decision to write Soldier with New York Times reporter James Wooten, instead of with Lando. contributed to Lando's change of heart about Herbert.)

But it was not until February 1972 that Lando got around to formally proposing a "60 Minutes" segment on Herbert. As he described it on a CBS "blue sheet" - a one-sentence summary of developing stories - the show would "take a look at the original charges of atrocities Herbert brought to light, questioning whether or not the Army has tried to whitewash the whole affair." The proposal was not well received. Wallace talked over the idea with "60 Minutes" executive producer Don Hewitt who, in turn, discussed it with CBS vice president William Leonard. The answer came back: unless there was some new angle, forget it. As Wallace explained in his deposition, "I suggested and resuggested to Barry Lando that it seemed to me that the Herbert story had been thoroughly covered in the media and that I was at a loss to understand what we could add to public understanding by a full take-out on '60 Minutes'

Still, Lando persisted. In a three-page letter, dated March 19, 1972, Lando wrote to Wallace: "I continue fascinated by the Herbert case. . . . After talking with 30-40 people connected with the case, there are a number of questions, big ones, that the Army still has not answered." The tone of the letter was decidely pro-Herbert; in it, Lando raised doubts about the credibility of Herbert's commanding officer, Colonel Ross Franklin, who would later be featured on the "60 Minutes" program.

Franklin had been accused by Herbert of failing to investigate the murders of Vietnamese civilians at Cu Loi on February 14. 1969, an incident that Herbert witnessed and which he refers to in his book as the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Franklin claimed that he was in Hawaii at the time on a rest-and-relaxation leave and that Herbert never reported the incident to him. Herbert insists that he did. In his March 19 letter, Lando wrote that he had spoken with officers who said that Franklin was indeed in Vietnam on February 14, and that they had heard Herbert report the incident. "If Franklin shows up heading back to Vietnam before he says he did," Lando concludes, "that, I think, is much of the story. Do you have any friends at Pan Am?"

Wallace, apparently, was not impressed. Later that month, he met with Lando to review some newspaper clippings and said that he thought Herbert might be lying. How or why he reached that conclusion is not clear. But, among the articles Wallace looked at was a series by Paul Dean of the Arizona Republic based on material leaked to him by the Pentagon. The Dean articles said that Herbert had beaten up a group of Vietnamese woodcutters, but the alleged incident - reported by a helicopter pilot who could name no other witnesses - was never substantiated by Army investigators.

Sometime between the March meeting with Wallace and June 21 - when Lando sent Wallace a note saying, "I really think the guy is going off the deep end" -Lando changed his mind about Herbert. As he wrote in his Atlantic article, "Something finally snapped. The inconsistencies, the evasions I had been so eager to overlook, now took on a different hue." When Lando presented a new proposal in August for a show challenging Herbert's story, Hewitt and Leonard gave him the go-ahead. The "blue sheet" was revised to read: "Many of the tales Herbert tells and the charges he levels do not bear up to close scrutiny. His book may be as much fiction as fact."

Why such an about-face? There are several possibilitiesconjectures at best, since Lando and others at CBS have declined to discuss the case. Lando may



Mike Wallace: Was his interview edited to make Herbert look like a liar?

have been swayed by information given to him by the Army's press office in March 1972. Among other things, the Army provided Lando with the names of two officers who claimed to have been in Hawaii with Franklin on the day of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre - though, curiously, the Army was unable to provide any military records of Franklin's whereabouts. But Lando must have recognized that the Army was not a disinterested party, that it had, as CBS's own documentary "The Selling of the Pentagon" had shown, stretched the limits of its credibility.

Lando's change of mind could be explained by his desire to please his superiors. A piece about government secrecy he had recently worked on was killed before it reached the air. He knew, as he told Wallace, that he "should be trying to turn out a solid story

as quickly as possible." And Wallace had made it clear that there was no percentage in a Herbert story unless he came up with something new. Was Lando simply following a hunch that Herbert was lying - standard operating procedure for investigative reporters - or was he steering a reckless course away from the truth in order to sail with the prevailing winds at CBS?

It was not difficult to tell which way the wind was blowing. The cool reception by Lando's bosses to the idea of a show giving vent to Herbert's war crimes charges, and their subsequent enthusiasm for one deflating Herbert, took place in the aftermath of the storm touched off by "The Selling of the Pentagon" the previous year. Partly as a result of this documentary, CBS was under heavy fire from the Nixon White House and from Congress. In July 1971, CBS



Barry Lando: When his pro-Herbert proposal was turned down by the CBS brass, did he set out to discredit the soldier in order to get his more controversial story on the air?

president Frank Stanton was subpoenaed to appear before a House committee and to bring with him outtakes from the Pentagon exposé. Stanton refused to comply with the subpoena and was cited for contempt, but a few days later the full House voted down the contempt charge.

In November 1975, Variety revealed, in an article headlined "Find CBS in Nixon White House Web," that Stanton had met with White House officials in July 1971, and had offered to cooperate with the administration in exchange for help quashing the Congressional contempt move. Stanton later admitted having met with White House counsel Charles Colson three days after the House vote, but denied making any deals with the administration. Colson, however, told The New York Times that he had surreptitiously tape-recorded the meeting and that Stanton had "volunteered to help us." Other White House staff members told Variety that during the following months, Colson called Stanton "numerous" times. Among the subjects reportedly discussed was Colson's objection to CBS's "instant analysis" of President Nix-

on's speeches. These analyses were temporarily discontinued in 1973. (Stanton and other network executives had also met with Colson in 1970, according to documents released by the Senate Watergate Committee. In an "eyes only" memo written to H.R. Haldeman, Colson wrote, "The harder I pressed them—CBS and NBC—the more accommodating, cordial and almost apologetic they became. Stanton for all his bluster is the most insecure of all.")

Herbert's lawyers would like to know if any of these discussions between Stanton or other CBS officials and the White House concerned the network's treatment of Herbert or the issue of war crimes in Vietnam. Thus far, they have been blocked in their efforts. In their depositions, Lando, Wallace, Hewitt and Leonard all deny any knowledge of discussions with the White House relating specifically to Herbert, but refuse to answer further questions on the subject. At a pre-trial session before U.S. District Court Judge Charles Haight on July 21, Herbert's lawyer, Jonathan Lubell, asked the judge to rule this a relevant

area of inquiry. "Was there a motivation by CBS to present a program that conformed to the White House's view of the war or of war crimes?" Lubell asked. "Was there pressure on CBS to slant a program?"

If evidence of such pressure exists in CBS files or on White House tapes, it is not likely to be discovered in the course of Herbert's trial. Carleton Eldridge, who is representing Wallace and CBS and who has defended the network against many libel charges, contended that Lubell's request was an attempt at "harassment." Judge Haight, who will preside over the case when it comes to trial, ruled in CBS's favor. To ask the defendants to comply with such an inquiry, he said, "goes too far afield."

Despite the judge's decision, Herbert remains convinced that there was some collusion between CBS and the White House. "CBS was trying to get in the good graces of the Nixon Administration after Stanton's subpoena," he says. "And there I was talking about total amnesty, going around campaigning for George McGovern and calling Nixon a war criminal"

Did The Pentagon Collaborate With CBS?

On November 28, 1972, Lando met with Army Information Officer Leonard Reed to discuss Pentagon cooperation with his "60 Minutes" piece on Herbert. Without the Pentagon's support, it would have been extremely difficult to locate and interview many of the people involved in the Herbert affair who were still in uniform. In a "Memorandum for the Record," prepared after the meeting and recently released to Herbert under the Freedom of Information Act, Reed wrote:



Don Hewitt: Was the "60 Minutes" executive producer under pressure from network higher-ups to placate the Pentagon after fallout from "The Selling of the Pentagon"?



Frank Stanton: Did he cave in to White House pressure?

"Lando's stated premise is that Herbert is a liar and he has stated that if he can't develop a sufficient number of incidents in which Herbert's account cannot be debunked, then there will be no story.

The message is clear: Lando had his mind made up about Herbert and was asking the Army to help him make his case. In Herbert's eyes, Reed's memo is evidence of an agreement between CBS and the Pentagon - an agreement that would suggest a departure from accepted standards of reporting.

Of course, Lando could have been dissembling. Reed, apparently was not unmindful of this. As he testified in his deposition (taken before the existence of his November 28 memo was disclosed): "A member of the media seeking a piece of factual information or speculative information from a public information spokesman will often mislead the public information spokesman in order to get a sympathetic reaction from that spokesman.... I would, based on my own experience, never construe any opinion had other reasons to distrust Lando: the Army had been badly burned by CBS in "The Selling of the Pentagon," and Lando, as Reed testified, "presented I guess what you would say would be an archetypal anti-military appearance in that he was scruffylooking, bearded and scraggly." Nevertheless, after consulting with the chief of Army public relations, General Wynant Sidle, Reed decided to cooperate with Lando.

(This cooperation may have involved some questionable practices. For example, Lando went to Georgia to interview John Bittorie, a sergeant major in Herbert's brigade. According to Bittorie, both Lando and the Army pressured him to refute Herbert's charges for the "60 Minutes" program. "A lot of people asked me to go on the show," Bittorie recalled. "People in the Army, from Washington. They wanted me to go on and say that Herbert wasn't telling the truth." Bittorie refused. But Lando kept calling to ask if he had changed his mind. "He offered me a free trip to New York if I would go against Herbert. He was trying to get a lot of information his way - by putting words in my mouth.")

Whatever Reed's reasons for taking a chance with Lando, his bet paid off. "The Selling of Colonel Herbert" (the title seemed deliberately chosen to show that

flect his actual opinion." Reed | CBS could conduct search-anddestroy missions on both sides of the fence), aired February 4, 1973, accomplished in 20 minutes what the Army had been trying to do for a year.

As Reed wrote in a letter to General John Barnes, whom Herbert had accused, along with Franklin, of covering up atrocities in the 173rd Brigade, "The general consensus of opinion is that this program has discredited Herbert fairly well."

Indeed, Herbert looked pretty bad. He seemed uncomfortable, almost shaken by Wallace's usual style of agressive questioning. As Herbert explains it: "They put me in a stark, white room. They put the lights so damn close to my face that they burned. And they made me look pale. The camera they used was overhead and it made it look like my eyes were closed, like I was afraid to look Wallace in the eye. It was like a goddamn interrogation." Postmortems to a bad interview? Or did CBS really go out of its way to discolor Herbert?

The editing of the Herbert interview also raised questions about CBS's intentions. One statement made early on by Herbert was transposed to the end of the show. "I'm sure that's what you're trying to do to some extent tonight, and I go along with it," Herbert said in response to a remark by Wallace about the need to have the truth come out. By taking the statement out of context | and moving it to the end of the program, "60 Minutes" created the impression that Herbert was endorsing what had gone before. Lando never asked Herbert's permission to make the change, though he did seek the approval of Colonel Franklin in editing his interview.

Immediately after the interview, with the cameras turned off but the tape recorders still running, Herbert confronted Lando, who was in the studio. He asked about an inscription Franklin had written in Lando's copy of Soldier after Franklin had been interviewed at the Pentagon by "60 Minutes"; the inscription read: "With best wishes and regards, also my thanks for all that you have done on this." A heated exchange ensued in which Lando called Herbert a liar and then threatened, "I'll get you, Herbert." Lando later wrote about the incident in Atlantic: "Herbert kept pressing the point, intimating that all along I had been engaged not in journalism but a vendetta. Angered, I told him that if he went on in this way I would 'get' him, that I had recourse to libel action. I came to regret that outburst, because subsequently Colonel Herbert was to cite this confrontation as proof that the CBS television show was a willful plot on my part to discredit him."

But as unsympathetic as the interview was, it did not bother Herbert as much as the rest of the "60 Minutes" program - both what was said and what was not said. By examining transcripts of interviews, research notes and other materials, it is possible to compare what Lando and Wallace knew with what they actually broadcast. Among the apparent distortions and omissions are the following:

• During the "60 Minutes" broadcast Colonel Franklin, Herbert's commanding officer in Vietnam, tells Mike Wallace that Herbert had "never" reported war crimes or atrocities to him. Herbert says in his book that he did so on many occasions and that Franklin repeatedly refused to investigate. What it comes down to is Herbert's word against Franklin's. But Lando had certain information tending to discredit



expressed by a media man to re- Chuck Colson: Did he tape Stanton caving in?

Get Smart, Larry Flynt.

It's one thing to publish *Hustler*, "the magazine nobody quotes," and shock even the people who thought they were shockproof.

But isn't it time you got yourself some class? Isn't it time you did a magazine for people who like to read as well as look?

Think of it Larry: a magazine

Think of it, Larry: a magazine smart people would put on their coffee tables.

A magazine created by some of the best talent that ever worked at *Playboy*, *Rolling Stone*, *Esquire* and over a dozen other top magazines.

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A magazine about the world we live in now

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On newsstands everywhere.



A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

Franklin that he did not use. During a second, filmed interview with Lando - which Wallace says he was never told about-Franklin admitted that he often would "tune out" or "turn off" when Herbert was talking to him, and that it was possible that during some of these discussions Herbert might have talked about the mistreatment of Vietnamese. This follow-up interview was not included in the broadcast. Lando also knew, but did not mention, that Franklin-who was a member of the Peers Commission that investigated the Army's cover-up of the My Lai massacre - had been relieved of his command in 1970 for failure to investigate a "body bombing" incident that had occurred in his brigade.

 As a way of proving whether Herbert or Franklin was telling the truth, "60 Minutes" focused on the whereabouts of Franklin on February 14, 1969, the day of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Franklin says on the show that he was at the Ilikai Hotel in Honolulu and didn't return to Vietnam until February 16. Herbert says he is lying. Then Wallace: "Checking with the Ilikai Hotel in Hawaii, we found that Colonel and Mrs. Franklin had indeed been registered there from February 7 to late in the afternoon of February 14. That would already have been February 15 in Vietnam. Colonel Franklin also gave us a cancelled check signed by himself and made out to the Ilikai Hotel for the exact amount of the hotel bill. The check was dated February 14.' The check and the hotel bill, copies of which were turned over by CBS, seem to indicate that Franklin was in Hawaii when he says he was. A call to the Ilikai Hotel to inquire about a reduced room rate that appears at the end of the bill established that the room was vacated sometime after noon on February 14th. But for some unexplained reason, Franklin's check is not made out for the "exact amount" of the hotel bill, as Wallace says - it is \$25 short of the balance due. The check and the hotel bill, while seeming to support Franklin's story, are not the conclusive evidence Wallace presented them as.

February 14. Wallace suggests. then Herbert couldn't possibly have reported the St. Valentine's Day Massacre as he says he did: "Several men serving under Herbert said they had heard Herbert say, while in Vietnam, that he had reported the February 14 killings, but none were certain that he had actually reported them." Yet Lando had seen copies of sworn statements given by a Captain Jack Donovan to military investigators saying that he was present at brigade headquarters when Herbert reported the February 14 atrocities. In his first statement, Donovan said: "I do know for certain, that Herbert reported the killing of the six detainees to Franklin, but I do not recall if Herbert reported the incident to Franklin immediately following the combat action . . . I was standing about five feet from the location where Franklin and Herbert were talking." In a second statement, made a month later, Donovan modified his story slightly, saying, "I overheard a conversation taking place between Herbert and an individual I thought at the time to be Franklin.'

Lando had also done a telephone interview in March 1972 with Captain Bill Hill, who said he had heard Herbert report the incident by radio to his superiors - meaning either Franklin or Barnes. Neither Hill's statement nor Donovan's, both of which contradict what Wallace said on the air, were mentioned.

· Wallace claimed that Herbert had not made any effort to bring war crimes charges against Franklin and Barnes until 17 months after he was relieved of command and only after the My Lai story had appeared in the press. Yet Lando's notes indicate that he had interviewed Colonel Robert Moore, deputy commander of Fort Leavenworth, who said that Herbert had discussed his war crimes charges with him shortly after he came to Fort Leavenworth in July 1969. Moore told Lando that Herbert had also made attempts to file these charges in Washington. This was just three months after Herbert left Vietnam and well before the My Lai story broke.

• A number of statements

Herbert himself was involved in | atrocities. General Barnes says on film: "I thought he was a killer. I thought he enjoyed killing." Later on, Wallace comes back to the subject: "Although several men who served with Herbert say it's not so, there are others who claim that Herbert was an officer who could be brutal with captured enemy prisoners himself." This is followed by an interview with Sergeant Bruce Potter, who describes an incident in which Herbert allegedly threatened to throw a Vietnamese prisoner out of a helicopter. Herbert says it never happened. No corroboration of Potter's story is presented. But Lando did interview a number of men who served under Herbert and who emphasized Herbert's care for prisoners and civilians in Vietnam. None of these statements were included in the pro-

While Wallace and Lando were at the Pentagon interviewing Franklin and other officers, the Army, unbeknownst to CBS, was taping the entire proceedings. These Pentagon tapes were later turned over to Herbert's lawyers in compliance with pre-trial discovery motions. On one of the tapes, Wallace is heard pressing Lando and Reed: "Ideally, if we can get somebody on the film to say, 'I don't know whether he reported but he is capable of doing that sort of thing [acts of brutality] himself . . . " At his deposition, Wallace said he had the impression that Herbert had warned his about committing atrocities; yet, in the supposed privacy of the Pentagon, he seemed anxious to present Herbert as a brutal soldier. (Wallace several times referred to Herbert as a "son of a bitch" on the Pentagon tapes. As he observed at his deposition: "I was stunned at the amount of profanity on the tapes.... And I think that it was in the context of, forgive me, a macho conversation that I indulged myself in a series of expletives. I did not then nor do I now regard Colonel Herbert as a 'son of a bitch.' ")

Does all this add up to libel? The courts have been reluctant to assume the role of supreme editor and define exactly what consti-If Franklin was in Hawaii on | made on the program implied that | tutes accepted standards of report-

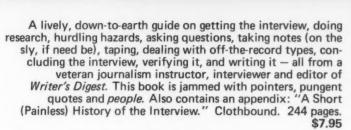
ing. There are several precedents, however, for deciding a libel case on such grounds. Perhaps the most relevant to Herbert's suit is Goldwater v. Ginzburg. In 1964, Ralph Ginzburg published an article in his Fact magazine entitled "The Unconscious of a Conservative," which charged that the Republican candidate for President was mentally unstable. Goldwater sued. A jury decided in his favor and, in 1969, the U.S. Court of Appeals upheld the verdict. The court ruled that Ginzburg had set out to malign Goldwater, had conducted a one-sided investigation and had recklessly ignored information that contradicted his point of view. All of which added up to malice.

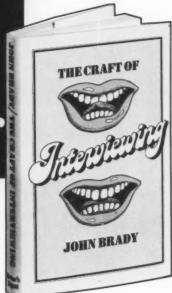
Most reporters cringe at the very mention of libel. For good reason: it has often been an instrument of the powerful (like Senator Goldwater) for swatting gadflies (like Ralph Ginzburg). In Herbert's case, the combatants are reversed - a lone soldier is sniping at a powerful media institution. CBS, of course, is entitled to the same rights as Fact magazine. But are those rights absolute? Are they a license to search and destroy without regard for the truth?

There is an old legal aphorism that says the best defense against libel is truth. But there is an old journalistic aphorism that says truth is the first casualty of war. Indeed, the truth in the case of Herbert v. CBS may lie buried on the battlefields of Vietnam. What remains is the fact that CBS turned its guns on Tony Herbert and the question why. That is the question a jury will ultimately have to decide.









Here's what others are saying about "The Craft of Interviewing" . . .

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Former Associate Press reporter author of The Friends of Richard Nixon, The Digger's Game, The Friends of Eddie Coyle, etc. "Brady, for years a journalism teacher on the university level, has produced in this compact book a most useful, informative, thorough and surprisingly lively study of the special craft of interviewing in print. His 12 chapters provide an enlightening, astute and sometimes amusing runthrough of every problem the young reporter, magazine writer or journalism student is likely to encounter in pursuing his craft."

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Grosso as police academy recruit; as member of team that broke the French Connection; and as actor in film based on that case

TELEVISION

WHY IS KOJAK SO TOUGH?

Because Sonny Grosso Likes Him That Way

Ex-cop is king of the media police world.

BY JAMES MONACO

Sonny Grosso is an ex-cop with 19 years on the New York City force, thousands of arrests to his credit, a long string of awards and commendations from the department and a reputation for being what his official biography calls "the scourge of the drug underworld." Since leaving actual police work, he's become a kind of Renaissance man of the media cop world: an actor in The French Connection and many other cop movies and TV cop shows, a writer of cop dramas for TV and film, story editor for cop-show plots, technical adviser and producer for film and TV cop projects and currently co-author of a cop novel. Through all these works, Grosso has added his own identifiable stamp to the changing

image of the cop-that of the tough, independent maverick.

In his attractive East Side Manhattan office, which serves as a center for his media operations, Grosso at 43 still displays the quick, spare, tense moves of a guy who's been on the beat most of his adult life. He still talks the studied, hip lingo of the streetwise city cop, even if he sometimes forgets himself and reveals a literate, sophisticated intelligence when he's trying to explain. say, a particularly nice turn of phrase in one of his scripts or the psychological intricacies of a character he's created or played. Grosso's carefully barbered beard betrays some of the distance between the media cop packager he's become and the cop he used to be: mustaches may be de rigueur now in the New York City Police Department, but Grosso's

After years of playing roles in the line of duty. Grosso now plays the detective role.

He eased into this new career six years ago with the success of The French Connection, a landmark film that significantly changed the way cops are portrayed in the media. Grosso has had a lot to do with those changes. The French Connection was based on Grosso's most famous case - he was the real-life partner of Eddie Egan-the one that got him promoted to detective first grade faster than anyone else on the New York force before or since. Not only was Grosso-thecop a character in the film (Roy Scheider played Grosso opposite Gene Hackman's Eddie Egan). Grosso also played a cop character himself (detective Phil Klein). And most importantly, as technical adviser. Grosso did a lot to give the film its final effective

Back then Grosso had no idea how valuable his cop experience. and his ability to articulate it, was to the media. The next-to-nothing deal he made for all his services on The French Connection taught him something of a lesson. Everyone asks me why didn't I make a better deal for myself with all the millions of dollars that The French Connection made," says Grosso. The way Grosso tells the story of the deal, the answer has something to do with John Wayne and Grosso's own innocence. Robin Moore, who had just

elaborate for the station house. and had begun The French Connection book, invited Grosso to meet with him at Toots Shor's. With Moore at Shor's that night was John Wayne, who was soon to appear in the movie version of The Green Berets. Grosso was in no mood to fight for a percentage of the gross. "At that time to sit down with Robin Moore and John Wayne, who was . . . right underneath God to me. . . . You know, I mean I would have given him money to write about me! We made a very bad deal. We made no deal at all on the movie. . .

During the last six years Grosso has learned how to deal. Since The French Connection, he has worked on a dozen different projects, including The Godfather (technical adviser and script consultant), "Kojak" (technical adviser for the first season), Baretta" (technical adviser for the second season, as well as writer and script consultant) and at least six projects that were directly based on his own experiences. These included a pilot for a television series called "Mr. Inside and Outside"; the 1973 film The Seven Ups, in which Roy Scheider starred in the Grosso role; a 1974 pilot for a show called "Strike Force"; a TV movie, The Marcus-Nelson Murders, based on the Wylie-Hoffert case of 1963 on which he'd worked (but everyone worked on that case) and the TV film Foster and Laurie, the story of two wellliked Lower East Side cops who were ostensibly killed by the carefully trimmed goatee is too finished writing The Green Berets Black Liberation Army. (Grosso

James Monaco is a contributing editor of MORE.



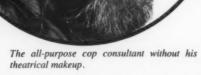


Grosso in The Godfather (left); and with co-star James Caan.



Grosso (above) as technical adviser on set of Report to the Commissioner.





had a personal involvement in the aftermath of that case—a shootout on a Bronx street in which Grosso and partner Randy Jurgensen shot and killed a machinegun-armed suspect in the Foster-Laurie case).

In short, Sonny Grosso has had a hand in most of the major cop films and television series of the 1970s. "It could only happen in this country," he notes with a mixture of wonder and embarrassment at what he knows sounds terribly like a cliché. "That something like this could happen to a guy like me." A guy like Grosso was born and raised in East Harlem and became the head of the family at 15 when his father died. Grosso raised his sisters, took

good care of his mother and joined the police force after the Korean War when a friend who was about to sign up brought along an extra application.

Personally, Grosso is something of a Boy Scout as well as a tough cop—he's self-effacing, friendly, thoughtful.

Grosso certainly makes money from his media deals these days, but he makes a convincing case that he's not in it for the wheeling and the dealing and the money alone. He can speak with a kind of evangelical fervor about the importance of accurately translating the cop reality he experienced on the force—the way the job shapes the man—into the cop media experiences he shapes these days.

He first got a sense of the impact he could have during the shooting of The French Connection. Originally the whole thing was a lark, but as the job wore on and he spent more time shepherding star Gene Hackman and director Billy Friedkin around, he began to discover a mission. "We showed the way cops are in that film," he insists, "better than anybody had done it before. And we had a big effect. My desire was finally culminated when Hackman and Friedkin at different times both said to me, 'I still hate your job, I hate what you do, but at least now I understand why you do what you do.' That's all I ever wanted. Walk a mile in my shoes."

Grosso's projects all share cer-

tain attitudes and stylistic quirks that graduate students of media may someday call "Grossovian subtexts." Of course there are other media cops and other subtexts. Grosso's former partner, Eddie Egan, has carved a career for himself as an actor, most recently appearing in a continuing role in "Joe Forrester." Dave Toma is the model for Barretta. Grosso's most recent partner on the force, Randy Jurgensen, has acted with him in most of the movies he's made and appears with Grosso's cinematic alter ego, Roy Scheider, in Billy Friedkin's The Sorcerer.

But the most significant rival to the Grosso media cop style has been the work of novelist Joseph

Wambaugh, a former sergeant in the Los Angeles Police Department. Wambaugh has been notably successful in bringing a little more realism to the cop genre. showing, as Grosso explains, "that policemen like apple pie and have mothers and that 'pullover-and-give-me-your-licenseand-registration' isn't the only thing they know how to say." While Grosso and Wambaugh share this desire to change the image of cops in the media, to make them more human, in other respects their work contrasts markedly. Wambaugh's novels (The New Centurions, The Blue Knight) and television shows ("Police Story") focus on foot cops, while Grosso's have dealt exclusively with detectives. The difference is more than just a matter of subject; there is a sharp contrast in attitude, as well.

Philip Rosenberg, a writer who is currently collaborating with Grosso on a "nonfiction novel," sees the difference between the Wambaugh cop show and Grosso cop show as related to the historical contrast between the NYPD and the LAPD. In Los Angeles (and most other American cities, for that matter) the entire force is organized under the civil service. In New York, the detective bureau is a separate entity; the people who work for it are not subject to civil service rules, but rather serve at the will of the commissioner. This is the result of a nineteenth century reorganization of the force intended to isolate the free-roving tradition (that prevailed within the entire department at that time) strictly within the bounds of the detective bureau. The net effect was to preserve the tradition of the detective as independent operator. So. whereas the typical Wambaugh cop is pictured as a "working stiff" who has to cope with the boredom and idiosyncracies of the civil service bureaucracy, as well as basic human concerns such as marriage and divorce, the quintessential Grosso cop is far more independent - an outsider and a more intriguing character for it.

The East Coast tradition has always been more actionoriented. Jules Dassin's 1948 movie. The Naked City, was the



Joseph Wambaugh, creator of the West Coast cop show genre, in a recent episode of "Police Story."

television spinoff of the film and David Susskind's "NYPD" further emphasized the downbeat, film noir tradition of the Eastern cop show. It was only left to The French Connection and then "Kojak" and "Baretta" to further accentuate the central character of the tough cop as outsider, almost beyond the law.

Of course, Grosso is not entirely satisfied that the final products reflect his conception of cop character. Censorship and commercial demands distort the new realism of TV cop shows, he says. He has discovered that whatever eventually reaches the screen is inevitably the result of numerous compromises. In television, the prototype. In the early sixties the biggest problem is language. As

Sonny says, "Cops don't talk unless they talk in 'fucks'." Even such mild expletives as "hell," "damn," "jesus" and "christ" quickly fall to the censor's blue pencil. Moreover, the physical violence of police life - essential to an understanding of the quality of the experience - is still inappropriate for TV; nightsticks may not touch heads, guns are not allowed to be shoved in faces. knives may not enter bodies. One of the subjects that Grosso most wants to treat in a television show is cop suicides - police have the highest rate of any profession. But this subject, like many others. is still taboo.

Sometimes the degree of realism Grosso desires can have

ethical, legal and potentially violent implications. Grosso is now developing a set of stories based on his own cases (to be packaged as novels, films, TV series whichever happens to fit). The stories could explode in his face if he oversteps the boundaries of fiction. The reason: criminal charges are still pending in one of these cases; another may result in a \$250,000 suit for false arrest against Grosso and partner Randy Jurgensen. "It's not like Robin Moore doing a 'property.' People get killed." There is also pressure from the force. Also, not every cop wants to be a character in a Grosso project. Names may be "changed to protect the innocent.

For these as well as more technical reasons, most of Grosso's numerous "recycling" projects fall somewhere in the middle ground of the media continuum: they certainly aren't pure fiction, but neither are they factual documentary narratives; they're "fictionalizations," "dramatizations," "docu-dramas" - Grosso is intrigued by the media jargon names given to his various projects, and the subtle gradations between fact and fiction they are supposed to represent.

In the midst of all of this, Grosso feels there is one major aspect of police work that so far has been ignored almost entirely in media images of the job-the sense of police work in its communal context. He thinks that media cops tend to be overdrawn heroes isolated from their communal, political settings, heroes who seldom need the help of their colleagues, much less the people on the streets around them. He says that any cop who has thought about his job will tell you that he doesn't create his personality or his job in the abstract - the streets around him do.

The first stage of the cop story renaissance has been to communicate a more accurate image of the police personality. The second stage is going to involve a more precise and sophisticated analysis of the function of the job itself. It isn't enough anymore to show that cops are human. It's necessary now to show how they relate to the people around

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TIMES WATCH

TALES FROM THE KINGDOM OF POWER

A Case Of Caviar And Censorship

Freedom - of - the - press issues come in all shapes and sizes. But only in New York, we suspect, could the debate turn on the relative price of caviar. We are, however, getting ahead of our story.

It all began December 1 when The New York Times devoted two pages of its new Living section to '100 Holiday Gifts for Food Lovers." When the men who run Zabar's saw that story, the men who run Zabar's got mad. Zabar's, for those unfamiliar with the nuances of chopped chicken liver, is a gourmet emporium on the Upper West Side so crowded with delicatessen gastronomes that obtaining a half-pound of nova can be a hazardous afternoon's work. Despite this popularity, "100 Holiday Gifts for Food Lovers" offered not the slightest indication that Zabar's was a repository for many of the recommended presents. Worse, the Times article ignored all other stores on the Upper West Side.

So Zabar's decided to place an advertisement in the December 8 Living section to put things right. For days they labored over the copy, and when it was done it read, in part: "Well, New York Times, you didn't do your homework. You goofed. The Upper West Side is a veritable melting pot of gourmet food and cookware stores ... some of the finest in the entire city are right here ... Murray's Sturgeon Shop, Endicott Meats, Barney Greengrass, The Well-Tempered

lair Pastries, RCI Discounts, and Zabar's, just to name a few.'

Then Zabar's got down to business with a headline, in the middle of the ad, that read: 'Read below to see why Zabar's outshines the stores listed in The New York Times' Dec. 1st article in the 'Living Section."" Under the subheadings of COFFEE, SCOTCH SALMON, CAVIAR and CHEESE, not to mention COOKWARE, UTEN-SILS, GADGETS, Zabar's put it squarely to its East Side competitors.

That was simply too much for the Times' Advertising Acceptability Department, which decreed at the deadline hour that the offending passages (even though they did not finger the East Side stores by name) would have to go. Now even madder over this eleventh-hour censorship, the men at Zabar's insisted that the ad run as scheduled. The Times said fine, but not with the references to the December 1 article. So, much to the confusion of food lovers all over the city, the ad appeared with entire phrases missing.

The above-mentioned headline, for example, simply stated: "Read below to see why Zabar's outshines" No period. No remainder of sentence. The copy looked as if it had been set by a Linotype machine with the hiccups. Among the "sentences" that followed (italics indicate expunged passages):

• "Zabar's actually imports the Scotch Salmon direct (we can submit BOAC receipts testifying to the weekly shipments from England). The store mentioned in

the Times Dec. 1st article buys their Scotch Salmon from importers most of whom must, because of fluctuating sales, freeze their inventories.

• "Zabar's pays a premium in order to choose the finest caviar available. Zabar's can submit receipts showing rejected caviar . . . this caviar not accepted by Zabar's is sold elsewhere throughout the city, and usually at a price higher than Zabar's firstchoice. The fresh Iranian Malossal Beluga Caviar mentioned in the Times' article was listed at \$110.00. Zabar's prime is priced at \$79 for 14 oz. Zabar's customers get the best for less!"

The Times Advertising Acceptability Department told Zabar's it was simply adhering to a longstanding rule prohibiting disparagement of competitors. When the Zabar's lawyer complained to the Times lawyer, he was told that the paper reserved the right to reject advertising. So Zabar's is considering a suit against the paper for \$3,300 (the cost of preparing and placing the ad), plus damages. We hope Zabar's pursues the case and that the trial is a catered affair. - RICHARD POLLAK

Read below to see why Zabar's outshines

COFFEE: Zabar's actually buys green beans direct, and roasts their own coffee. Most other gournet coffee stores.

do not roast their own, but

buy from coffee roastes. These coffee stores have no way of knowing the quality or the derivation of the coffee they're buying...and often the coffee roasier has assigned romantic-sounding names to these coffees. Years ago Zabar's started importing and roasting their own coffees on they could control the quality, yet the price of Zabar's authentic gournet coffee is less than the other more publicated offerings.

SCOTCH SALMON: Zabar's actually imports the Scotch Salmon direct (we can submit BOAC receipts testifying to the weekly shipments from England).

England buys their Scotch Salmon from importers most of whom must, because of fluctuating sales, freeze their inventories; Zabar's never freezes theirs, nor has their supply been frozen previously. Still, Zabar's fresh whole Scotch Salmon sells for \$11.95 per lb. or sliced for \$14.55 per lb. Our competitors' Scotch Salmon mentioned is priced at \$24.00 per lb. Salmon ment \$24.00 per lb.

CAVIAR: Zabar's pays a premium in order to choose the finest caviar available. Zabar's can submit receipts showing rejected caviar...this

caviar not accepted by Zabar's is sold elsewhere throughout the city, and usually at a price high-er than Zabar's first-choice. The fresh franian Malossal Beluga Caviar was supported by the was listed at \$110.00. Zabar's prime is price at \$79.00 for 14 oz. Zabar's customers get the best for less!

get the best for less!

CHESSE: Zabar's offers the widest choice of cheese to be found in NYC. Over 250 varieties, with new selections and specials each week. Zabar's maintains unsurpassed quality by rejecting cheeses that do not meet our standards or excellence. The cheese not accepted by Zabar's are sold by other retailers, frequently at prices and lower prices than air Zabar's.

COOKWARE, UTENSILS, GADGETS: Zabar's COOKWARE, UIENDILD, UNDUELT OF COOKWARE and the like. These have met Zabar's quality standards. Only the best are chosen, and are sold at prices less than those around town. For example, a Copo Tea Kettle, always selling for \$16.95 at Zabar's, was

"on sale" at \$19.95, a 25% reduction from their regular price. Convince yourself...visit Zabar's first, before you buy anywhere else...compare our special prices and quality selections.

BROADWAY and 80th STREET NEW YORK, N.Y. 10024 Telephone: (212) 787-2000 nday thru Thurs. until 7:30 P.M. Friday until 10 P.M. Set. until Midnight

	the "Living Sec	in The New	York Times'	Dec. 1st	article in
•	the "Living Sec	ion".			

like the one mentioned in the Times' article,

1 The store mentioned in The Times' Dec. 1st article In the article

mentioned in The Times' article

advertised on Sunday. Dec. 5th by a well-known N.Y. department store

Kitchen, West Town House, Ec- | Caviar emptor: Zabar's ad with Times deletions.

Men Of The **Century**

It was only his third day on the job, but new editorial page editor Max Frankel wasn't kidding around. In a strongly worded January 3 editorial criticizing discriminatory clubs, he asked

public men and women to reflect upon their acquiescence in these mindless social barriers, in these ugly little accommodations of convenience or decorum. Why men only, after all, in Washington's Metropolitan and Cosmos Clubs? Why bar blacks from the Links of New York? Largely, we suspect, because some of their most prominent members, such as Cyrus Vance or Harold Brown of the Cabinet-to-be, have hitherto had insufficient incentive to object.

Noble sentiments, indeedwhich we thought ought rightly

to apply to certain other prominent, non-objecting members of such "ugly little" restrictive clubs - namely, the top staffers of The New York Times . Publisher Arthur O. Sulzberger, cousin and columnist C.L. Sulzberger and columnist James Reston belong to the all-male Metropolitan, while editorial board member William V. Shannon prefers the Cosmos. But nowhere is the Times upper echelon better represented than at New York's Century Club, that outpost for "men of achievement." Times men calling the Century Club home include Max Frankel, executive editor Abe Rosenthal, managing editor Seymour Topping, assistant managing editor James Greenfield, senior editor John Oakes (who also belongs to the Coffee House, a men-only lunch club), editorial board members Shannon and Fred Hechinger (also a Coffee House member), associate editors Clifton Daniel, Tom Wicker and James Reston.

"No wonder they didn't mention the Century in the editorial," said one bemused *Times*man. "That's where they all go to lunch."

Are the Times men ready to follow Frankel's advice and forego those lunches until the admissions policy changes? We put the question to Max himself, who has already covered his flanks. "I sent a letter to the Century telling them about the editorial," says Frankel. "In that letter I asked about the status of getting women accepted as members and told them if that action was not taken I would have to resign."

As for Bill Shannon, he's not quite ready to resign, although "I'd gladly vote to let [women] in." Says Shannon: "If a club excluded blacks or Jews I would feel that I would have to resign. But women—that's a generational thing. It's the older members who are opposed, come coronary or high water. . . . As they die out, I'm sure clubs like the Century will let women in."

But Fred Hechinger likes things the way they are. "I've opposed legal pressures to eliminate single-sex colleges, and so I think people should be allowed to be members of single-sex clubs," he reasons. "I don't think I would support making women members. I'm perfectly happy with it remaining a menonly club." Indeed, all the Hechingers are perfectly happy. Mrs. Hechinger, Fred points out, is a member of the exclusive, women-only Cosmopolitan Club in New York—"and she doesn't feel that the rules there should be changed" either.

Meanwhile, back at the Century, a vote on the issue is due within the next few months.

- STEPHEN MARMON

Abe And Clyde

NOEL: Abe Rosenthal overheard discussing new promotion from Times managing editor to executive editor over pre-Christmas lunch at Il Gattopardo. Declared he'd never let his office be moved upstairs to 14th floor, because once there, 'you're out of it." When companion went to ladies room, Abe sat alone silently, then broke into O Little Town of Bethlehem" . Clyde Haberman from N.Y. Post to editor's spot at Week in Review. In 1966, as Times City College stringer, Haberman, compiling tedious agate-type list of graduation awards, added new one: the Brett Award, "to the student who has worked hardest under a great handicap-Jake Barnes." Rosenthal fired Haberman, saying (reports Gay Talese in The Kingdom and the Power), "You will never be able to write for this newspaper again."

Dirt In D.C. Bureau

And you thought the gang at

The New York Times Washington bureau was always busy filtering out corruption! Well, as far as publisher Punch Sulzberger is concerned, there are far more important things to do. As D.C. bureau chief Hedrick Smith wrote in a December 3 memorandum to all staff:

As you all know, the publisher and a number of senior editors are coming to Washington on December 10th for The Times reception. Most of them will undoubtedly be coming by the bureau, and we want the bureau to look its best for their visit. So I would appreciate it if everyone would make a major effort to neaten up his or her own area.

Veterans in the bureau will recall that the publisher is particularly sensitive about seeing great quantities of jumbled material on desk

-C.C.



LITERACY

VERBAL BARBARAISMS

How Miss Walters Talks With Practically Anybody

And not very well.

BY JOHN SIMON

Barbara Walters is the face. personality and mind (in descending order of conspicuousness) that launched the famous \$5 millioncontract making her the cynosure (in ascending order of importance) of career women, TV viewers and media people everywhere. Whether before, on NBC's morning news show, or now, on ABC's evening one, or whether on her celebrated hourlong specials, Barbara has been the biggest woman on television for so long that it seemed incumbent on me to check out what kind of literacy she spreads among five million dollars' worth of television viewers. So I caught two of her recent specials: the one split between the Streisands (Barbra and Jon) and the Carters. and the one dedicated entirely to a fond farewell to the Fords. I also read most of her book, How to Talk With Practically Anybody About Practically Anything, which comes with an endorsement on its cover from the late Jacqueline Susann: "She's warm, she's exciting, she's Barbara!' The third of these contentions seems indisputable.

The Walters book is of that time-dishonored sort we owe to the aptly named Samuel Smiles, father of self-help, and it purports to teach "how to get beyond the superficial smalltalk that most people substitute for communication; how to take the terror out of meeting someone from another league . . . " Barbara, you see, used to be terrified, she tells us, by the proximity of an Aristotle Onassis or a Truman Capote, but she cured herself, and now, with her help, so can you. Her medicine is homeopathic: become a celebrity yourself. Apparently, it doesn't take much; of a woman friend of hers she says, "She has ... no actual claim to fame except for her interest in people," which is to say eagerness to meet the famous - just about all you need for your own celebrity. She, at any rate, has made it, and informs you from the eminence of her celebrity that "the same techniques that result in fifteen minutes of smooth informative chat with the husband of the Oueen of England [how much more prestigious-by-association that sounds than a mere Prince Philip!] are just as helpful when I meet a new neighbor . . . " Dear democratic Barbara, as willing to talk with a simple neighbor as with a crowned, or near-crowned. head - well, perhaps not actually talk with them, but certainly use her techniques on them.

How artlessly it all hangs out: "The saving quality in any question you ask a celebrity is empathy," she begins, and continues, "I'm always won [for "won over" by people who want to know my schedule . . . " So, you see, the celebrity used for illustrative purposes is none other than Barbara Walters. With even more palpable ingenuousness, she tells us that when she thinks of all the rich and famous and infamous her job has permitted her to meet, she would gratefully do it for nothing. Even if she didn't re-

peat the statement a second time in italics, I would believe her, I would believe her.

Of course, the advice disbursed, like everything else about the book, is semiliterate trash (I may be kind: quarter-literate may be more precise), as when she states that "deep breaths are very helpful at shallow parties," or when she instructs depressed women readers to "wear your most smashing outfit; maybe something a bit kooky that you'll have to live up to." Such "techniques" may work for Barbara Walters, the robot of social technology, but they are fairly worthless when handed down to mousy secretaries or repressed housewives who turn to her book for succor. Walters butters up these wallflowers: "You're bathed, deodorized and sweet breathed [sic] ... you're all set for hours of superb conversation." Even the makers of Ban, Badedas and Binaca would not have the audacity to tout their products as miracle drugs that turn Dumb Doras into Dorothy Parkers. Yet Barbara informs her trusting clientele: "People are going to gravitate toward you even before you open your mouth." Well, certainly not after it. For, the suckers are told, when you say to the statesman, 'Do you believe in immortality?' - you'll have it made." The statesman will have to be a diplomat indeed not to take to his heels after such a gambit. And dear Barbara offers no helpful suggestion about how Joan Blow is to get near a statesman in the first place.

Might it not be better to advise these insecure people to cultivate their minds - to acquire a little literacy and so avoid being crashing bores? But what can we expect from Miss Walters, who uses overly for over, wracked for racked, intriguing for fascinating, wrong-taste remark for remark in bad taste; who writes "Don't expect that his real personality is like his professional one." "employment-wise," "none are snobs," "those kind of agog questions" (agog is an adverb, not an adjective), "now we neither wear them on camera or off" for now we wear them

who spells acerbic ascerbic. And so on and on.

But there is greater illiteracy at work here - an illiteracy of the soul. It is illiterate and vulgar the way the understatedly overdressed Walters sidles up, physically and verbally, to a celebrity, fixes her distended eyes on him or her and, after telling us in her book not "to probe the sensitive areas right after the introduction," proceeds to probe the sensitive areas right after the introduction. She can hardly wait to ask Gerald Ford whether it is true that, as people said, he was crying when Betty had to concede the election for him. With Jon Peters, she cannot blurt out soon enough that "some people have been saying" that he might be Barbra's 'ruination.'' With the Carters, she is a bit slower to urge them to tell about each other's irritating habits, and they, bless them, do not rise to the bait.

With this lascivious prodding goes, of course, hypocrisy. To Peters, Barbara says banteringly, 'I hope you didn't hear what I just said about you," and then, with the same sweet jocularity, repeats it for him. The nasty queries and comments are always attributed to "people" or "some people"; they clearly have nothing to do with any unwholesome curiosity Barbara herself might harbor. When she is obliged (by whom: her conscience, history, God?) to ask the Carters in what kind of bed or beds they sleep, she rolls her eyes in indignation (mock indignation, needless to say) and prefaces it with, "I don't know how to ask this, so I'll just ask it." After a good while on the subject, she interjects with a kind of shy, virginal salaciousness, 'You're not embarrassed? I am." and continues with the topic. When at last she has squeezed the subject dry while having thus covered her front and flanks, she proceeds to cover her rear with. 'I don't know whether you want to go on any more, but I don't.' In her book, when giving advice to her publicly sweating or menstruating readers, she refers to "perspiration or other stains," so that you find out what she's talking about only when you get to the remedy, "one terrific red neither on camera nor off, and | dress . . . to wear on the danger-

John Simon is film critic of New York magazine and drama critic of The New Leader and The Hudson Review.

ous day." Butter would not melt in that capacious mouth, and menstruation would not even enter it.

What is the key to Walters' success? On your TV screen, you behold a large but sleek Semiticlooking woman, with a brashness that has been cosmeticized into proto-polish, who might be the wife of a Seventh Avenue clothing magnate or, as it happens, the daughter of the man who owned a large, vulgar night club. She wears her bought respectability with a certain bravura, although her overeagerness to be gracious collapses when, for instance, Streisand's phone rings in midinterview and Walters shrills in mingled panic and outrage, "Don't answer the phone!" the Park Avenue gloss on her voice cracking to reveal the Bronx. The voice is basically one of those unresonant, gray ones, and when the conversation turns to something truly awesome - such as Jerry Ford no longer getting helicopters and limousines to wait on him, or the bed habits of the Carters - it is lowered to a stage whisper.

The facial expression tends to be solemn verging on blank. One senses such intense concentration on the dialectical rigors of interviewing that the gaze perforce turns inward: the eyes, in a faint scowl, roll back into that head preoccupied with its Pythian profundities. But then Barbara remembers and opens her eyes wider before lowering her lashes demurely, thus bringing her most powerful feature into full play. I mean the muscle in her upper eyelid, which in her case is unusually prominent and produces the effect of dimples on both sides of the root of her nose. Such dimples attest to intense concentration and cerebration, and are what sets Barbara off from television's numerous Walters epigones.

Yet this muscle, I venture to guess, is worth only about half of that \$5 million contract; the other half is owed to her mentality, which is the perfect mean: the absolute, unwobbling midpoint of averageness, to coin a word. Barbara's golden-mean mentality, you see, is what asks all those impeccably average questions that are burning in the inarticulate but inquisitive deep of every average Rudy Hoalund

to subaverage soul, aching to find a voice, however flat and lusterless, in Barbara Walters. When she asks Jon and Barbra why they haven't married after three years of living together, you just know that she is articulating the question that has been trembling on every impeccably average pair of lips from Brentwood to Brooklyn, from dentists' offices to imitation Louis XVI living rooms.

In fact, when Blair Sabol in The Village Voice defends Walters as the most effective "female" personality around (quotation marks Miss Sabol's, though, for slightly different reasons, I heartily concur with them), she argues, "It could be that a lot of Americans are more interested in the Carter's [sic]

hearing prefab answers to cabinet choices." I am mildly surprised at this special pleading from the usually sensible Miss Sabol, but I assume that being a guest on Barbara's old "Not for Women Only" show can do wonders in eliciting pro-Walters sentiments.

Anyhow, I do not dispute that the general state of literacy is so low that most people are interested only in questions about the Carter boudoir - although I doubt whether the alternative questions need be as grim as Miss Sabol proposes - but that is precisely my point: why commit so flagrantly the blackest sin a personality, "female" or otherwise, can commit-pandering to the public? If there is to be any kind of literacy in this society, it can sleeping arrangement than in come only from not pandering so

wholeheartedly and effusively to ignorance, crassness and sterile curiosity. But just watch Barbara's face in an agony of concentration, hovering on the brink of what may instantly turn into sobs or orgasm, as she leans toward Streisand to suck every drop of answer out of her, and asks in choked-up tones why Barbra is attacked so much: "Is it because you are a prima donna and you're a tough, difficult lady? Is it because you are a woman? Is it what?" Oh, the urgency and exquisite illiteracy of that "is it what?

And don't think that Barbara Walters is unaware of her importance. In her book, she cites as an example of untoward gushiness the woman who greeted her after a lecture with, "All I can say is, Thank God for Barbara Walters!" Comments Barbara: "I'm as fond of approval as anyone but it's unnerving to be deified." Yet, surely, if someone thanks God for something, that thing is not thereby deified. Now, if the woman had said, "Thank Barbara Walters for God," that would have been deification. But that Walters should refer to what is merely rather fulsome praise as deification - what are we to make of that? Is it arrogance? Is it stupidity? Or is it what?

But don't expect me to feel sorry for Harry Reasoner, for all that. Not for someone who signs off with "Good night from Barbara and I." And speaking of sign-offs, there is that already notorious one with which Barbara concluded her Carter interview: Be wise with us, Governor, be good with us." It is mildly revolting, but not, I think, because it constitutes, as Morley Safer perceived it, a papal precept to newly-made cardinals. I found its derivation in the schlock fiction Barbara must have been reading in her pre-Sarah Lawrence days, and cut her spiritual teeth on. I mean the sort of novel where the adorably virginal heroine, finally yielding to her defloration-bent lover, jumps into bed in her slip, pulls the covers up to her chin and whispers, "Be kind to me, darling. Be gentle with me." that's why they love Barbara Walters from DeKalb Avenue all the way to Dubuque.

ADVERTISING

CAN SLICK GAY MAGS MAKE IT?

Face Uphill Fight For National Ad Recognition

Do cartoons make them 'acceptable'?

BY FRANK ROSE

A little more than eight years ago, William Como had an idea. There has been a lot of debate ever since about precisely what that idea was, but Como's version goes like this: He would transform Ballroom Dance magazine, a foundering special-interest entertainment publication with a readership of 3,000, into After Dark, a successful generalinterest entertainment publication with a readership of considerably more. The question is, considerably more what? Homosexuals? Como says no, not homosexuals - people. The homosexuals, he insists, were an accident.

Thus was born the nation's first slick magazine for gaysconceived in the closet, sold on the streets. When After Dark got started the idea of an explicitly gay magazine sold on newsstands across the country was pretty much unthinkable; and after After Dark got started, the idea of an explicitly gay magazine sold on newsstands across the country was still pretty much unthinkable. Three years ago, however, this situation began to change. Now three such magazines are already well-established, another is just getting started, a fifth is on the drawing boards and three more have already folded.

These magazines are rapidly creating an entirely new readership—a readership their publishers are eager to sell to Madison Avenue. It will be a hard sell. The publishers are convinced

they have a prime market young, affluent, male, single but they're not sure that, given the choice, most advertisers wouldn't rather try to reach cannibals than

None of these new magazines sees national advertising as essential to its survival; they are already being supported by local businesses and mail-order outfits that cater to gays specifically. But they all see it as crucial to any kind of real success. Without it, they will remain fringe media, financially limited and somehow less than legitimate. With national advertising, they can demonstrate the support - and, by implication, the acceptance - of corporate America. In fact, these advertising campaigns are likely to be as significant for gays as any political struggle; success will signify their final acceptance.

After Dark began attracting national entertainment advertisers within the first six months of its existence. In the past year it has started to go after image-oriented

"Henry, you know that phase little Hank was going through? Well, it just turned into a lifestyle."

homosexuals. Nevertheless, publishers agree that the time is right. that whether they know it or not, national advertisers are on the verge of recognizing the gay market, just as they began recognizing the black market five or six years ago. Each of these publishers agrees on two other points as well: that until he started publishing, there was never a gay magazine worthy of national advertising anyway; and that when national advertisers do see the need to reach gay readers, they will do it in his pages first.

package goods, especially cigarettes and liquor. It tries to sell itself not as a gay magazine but as an entertainment magazine - an entertainment magazine with many gay readers, perhaps, but certainly not an entertainment magazine for gays. This posture may not fool anybody who doesn't want to be fooled - after all, when your subscribers are 98 per cent male and 85 per cent single with a median age of 33.7, what can you expect?-but it probably makes the magazine more palatable.

But After Dark is not alone in its pursuit. Except for In Touch, which is waiting for its circulation to double, all the others are making a pitch of their own. Even Christopher Street, with its still-miniscule readership, is making the rounds - and with some success, apparently, since book ads have already appeared and record ads are promised for upcoming issues. Blueboy launched its campaign with a full-page ad in Advertising Age; publisher Donald Embinder told The New York Times the ad drew 488 responses from advertisers and agencies. It also drew one response from an outraged reader in Sturgis, Michigan, whose letter to the editor prompted Ad Age to state that it "does not 'espouse the cause of the fags." "

A certain amount of housecleaning is under way. Christopher Street, which doesn't have any sordid back issues to live down, exercises a control over its advertising copy that is as strict as After Dark's (but is based on a somewhat more liberated definition of taste). "The less time they spend with the magazine in their hands, the less likely they are to use you," publisher Charles Ortleb notes. "That's why we run cartoons; gay porn would repulse them.' At Mandate, George Mavety has been turning down 10 to 12 ads per issue (mostly from mail-order porn houses) and dusting off phrases like "cream-of-the-crop readership." And Em-binder has just started a "national gay correspondence medium" called Bluenotes which he mails free to subscribers - and which gets the classified ads out of the magazine.

Publishers are hoping to lure corporate advertisers into the market with a picture of the trend-setting, chain-smoking, semi-alcoholic gay who has no wife, no kids, no mortgage, lots of discretionary income and lots of leisure time. The demographics are just beginning to come in: Blueboy has conducted a subscriber survey that shows a median household income of \$24,000; After Dark's 1975 subscriber survey, conducted by Mark Clements Research, showed a median family income of \$21,000. Both surveys indicate

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Cartoons reprinted with permission of Christopher Street magazine.



high interest in movies, music, travel and alcohol. For anyone who wants to reach a small, select audience, the demographics look very good indeed.

The field where such numbers are most likely to be appreciated is entertainment. Entertainment people tend to pride themselves on their open-mindedness. Take the businesslike response of Irv Ivers, marketing director at Columbia Pictures (which has advertised such films as Tommy and Funny Lady in After Dark): "It's a viable publication which reaches a viable audience for a viable product." Does he worry about the reaction of straight audiences? "That's not even a consideration as far as I'm concerned. In records and films we tend to transcend all that.'

As Ivers points out, "there's no question that certain films have an inherent appeal to the gay market." Mark Shulman, advertising director at Atlantic Records, echoes this feeling. He has advertised records by such performers as Bobby Short, Bette Midler and Manhattan Transfer in After Dark. Yet Shulman says, "I don't think most of the product we have is geared to a gay audience." Never mind that gay people listen to Aretha Franklin and the Rolling

product doesn't have a specific 'gay appeal," it's not likely to be advertised in a gay magazine.

Another problem with entertainment advertising: of the four prime entertainment mediabooks, records, movies and theater-the only one with any real money to throw around in national magazines is records. Cinemation Industries, which advertised Stavisky in the Advocate almost two years ago, hasn't advertised in gay publications since because of cuts in the ad budget. Bantam Books has printed 350,000 copies of Patricia Nell Warren's gay novel, The Front Runner, and would love to advertise it in gay media, but it simply isn't advertising the book anywhere. "There's a perfect medium for every book," says promotion director Fred Klein, "but we don't have the money to put on it.'

The real breakthrough will come when gay magazines can attract advertisers with products aimed at a general market. Cigarettes, liquor, hi-fi and men's toiletries and clothing are viewed as likely candidates. Bob D'Ambrosio of Target Media, Blueboy's former ad representative, thinks toiletries and clothing are the best prospects. "The place to start with a magazine like Blueboy is not Stones as well; if an entertainment | with large advertisers," he says.

Sometimes when you have so much money to spend you don't have to be creative in your thinking. But if you have a budget of \$50,000, you have to stretch those dollars the best way. And if you're making mink underwear or pink suits or men's cosmetics, the chances are, one, that you don't

have a large budget, and two, that this market is fantastic for your efforts.

Target Media was Blueboy's rep for a total of two weeks; the relationship was severed because Blueboy's presence on its list was scaring other clients away. But advertisers, D'Ambrosio says, were more receptive than he had expected. "I had a couple of people say, 'I can't put my ad in a magazine that shows cocks,' so-I'd pull out a copy of Playgirl and say 'Look, your ad's in here. It's not the cocks that bother you, it's who's looking at them." The worst response he got was from a man with a liquor account who wouldn't allow him to send a copy of the magazine to his office - but said he wouldn't mind getting it at home.

To many publishers, the big breakthrough looked like Pan Am's recent series of full-page ads in After Dark. The Pan Am ad, however, was run free, in exchange for five complimentary tickets to Rio de Janeiro. According to Pan Am public relations man Jeff Krindler, who arranged the deal, Pan Am limits its ad budget to mass-market magazines like Time, Newsweek, Sports Illustrated and Business Week. Still, this is a first of sorts: the first



editorial tie-in with a gay magazine. Has there been any negative response? "No. Frankly, no. Frankly, no, not at all."

The first paid ad outside the entertainment field has come from the home entertainment field: Pioneer Electronics took a twopage spread in the May issue of After Dark and another in the August issue. Pioneer began considering After Dark in January 1975; it will evaluate its campaign (which also calls for one-page ads in the November and December issues) before the end of the year. According to Pioneer ad manager Don Kobes, the company doesn't care about the sexual orientation of After Dark's readers; what sold him on the magazine was the fact that most of those readers are male (as are most hi-fi purchasers) and "entertainment-oriented." "The demographics were right," is the way Kobes puts it.

As big as Pioneer is, however, it's still a long way from tobacco and alcohol. Few hi-fi purchasers base their buying habits on the product's image; cigarette, liquor and beer consumers do. Are they likely to find their favorites taking spreads in gay magazines? Consider Lowenbrau: Randolph Lindell, who handles the Lowenbrau account at McCann Erickson, says he has been contacted by 20 to 25 magazines this year (none of them gay) but is running ads in only two, Sports Illustrated and The New Yorker. "In the beer category, magazines probably represent two or three per cent of total annual advertising," he says. "Lowenbrau's print budget for '76 is very small. The largest beer advertiser is Heineken, and they only advertise in six or seven magazines.'

"I think we're fairly enlightened," says Gerry Crennan, magazine services manager at William Esty, the agency that handles Salem and Camel. "If our marketing objectives indicated an audience of young men, we would probably consider it. If the media value was there, we would offer it to the client. We'd let them make the final judgment." Erennan has not been approached by any gay magazine, and he admits it would take some salesmanship to convince him gay readers weren't being effectively reached



elsewhere. What about the image question? Crennan fudges: "I don't know if I can make a judgment on that. I think some research would have to be done that would put the client's mind at ease."

The reaction at P. Lorillard is much more direct. "We have no budget for fringe media," says assistant media director Henry Katz. Katz thinks any cigarette company that attempts to reach gays would be guilty of overspecialization, "like a doctor who specializes in the right nostril." And he does not buy the comparison with black magazines. "It's not fair to blacks to say that these people are in the same boat," he says. "I would say one is quite different from the other. How so? It's obvious. One is a race, the other is a sexual persuasion. These people eat, drink and

smoke the same as everybody else."

According to a gay employee at Dancer Fitzgerald Sample, the agency that handles the Winston account, the gay market is "something that's totally overlooked. They don't deal with it, they don't try to deal with it." And if they did, there'd still be the issue of male nudity. Playgirl advertising coordinator Maryanne Cox has found the nudity question to be "much more of a problem than the homosexual thing." Liz Marcotullio, who handles the Heublein account (Jose Cuervo, Smirnoff, Black & White, Lancer's, etc.) at F. William Free, says her client would be reluctant to go into a gay skin magazine." It's not a matter of being gay,"she says, "it's just a matter of skin in gen-

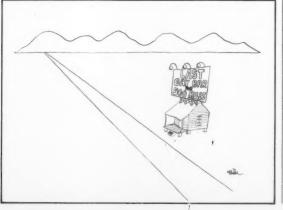
Coupled with the sexual nature

of most of these magazines' advertising, the nudity issue seems certain to keep cigarettes and most other image-oriented advertising out of the gay strokezines for years. That leaves After Dark and (assuming it can get the numbers) Christopher Street. But for most clients, the image question still persists: does, say, the men's cosmetics industry —which spent years trying to convince the public it's not sissy to dab cologne on your stubble—really want to be identified with homosexuals?

Well, they, what about the gay magazine that's not for homosexuals? Does After Dark's strange posture give it an advantage? "I believe it does," says the Dancer Fitzgerald Sample employee. "To me, it's a gay magazine. But it's the kind you can leave on your coffee table and feel safe about. I don't see anything that would hold any type of advertising from After Dark."

John Keigley, who once handled Winston and Salem at William Esty and left advertising to work in a gay bar in Greenwich Village, isn't too sure about that, but he does agree that After Dark has an advantage. Keigley spent years trying to sell the R.J. Reynolds people on the youthmarket advantage of Rolling Stone over Hot Rod magazine; Rolling Stone had the demographics, but Hot Rod was something they could understand. He thinks gay magazines have a much tougher fight than they realize. "I can't say that obviously gayoriented magazines have a ghost of a chance for any imageoriented advertising," he says.

Keigley explains it this way: "If I were trying to reach myself - yeah, you'd probably reach me in Blueboy or Mandate, but you'd also reach me in Newsweek or Esquire. Look, if I can reach you in one magazine for five dollars and another for two dollars, what do I do? And if they're both two dollars, then what do I do? That's where you start talking about environmental compatibility. Gay magazines are not a compatible environment. Especially if you're trying to sell that environment in Winston-Salem, N.C. You can't even buy a scotch and soda in Winston-Salem, N.C."



4

1



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Southern Exposure

WINDOW TO A CHANGING AMERICA

PUBLISHING

MORE SHOCKING THAN MANDINGO!

Plantation Novels Steam With Lurid Slave-Breeding Tales

Genteel Old South is gone with the wind...

BY IRWYN APPLEBAUM

There is our hero, Jeff Carson, testing his "extraordinary and inexhaustible virility" atop a nota-bly bare-breasted Negress, right out in the high grass in front of the mansion.

Little do the passionately prone lovers realize that they are not alone. Who is the mysterious white man in the broad-brimmed hat who is watching the couple? Why is he holding the gun? Does he know that Jeff is really "Bricktop," the runaway slave, the "whiteskinned bastard son of an octaroon wench and a passing stranger with red hair"?

Since September 1975, that scene has been emblazoned across the cover of over one million copies of Lance Horner's Golden Stud, one of the most successful novels in a small but potent fiction genre - the plantation paperback. The violence and interracial sex of the steamy old cotton South - so shamelessly promised on the cover-is what the plantation paperback reader lusts for.

Devotees of Gone With the Wind who pick up this new breed of plantation novel will wonder if Tara has been forever blown away. Instead of the dreamy world of dress balls, 18-inch gentlemen, these perversely revisionist novels present a morally decadent environment, rife with torture, rapacious lusts, sadism and greed, with regular forays into such realms as voodoo, cannibalism, matricide and incest. By wallowing in the salacious and the sadistic, the "real" plantation life pictured by the pulp chroniclers becomes a degenerate "Upstairs, Downstairs" where the relations between masters and slaves would astound even Masters and Johnson.

John Holt, whose four plantation novels for Fawcett have a combined printing of nearly 1.75 million and who writes under the pseudonym Raymond Giles, has been seriously tracking the development and expansion of the genre. He has even divided it into two groups:

There is what used to be called in the trade a 'slaver,' and there are the 'plantation novels.' As I see it, a 'slaver' is laid on an antebellum plantation but it concentrates on the horrors of slavery. Usually, you have a black of heroic stature who is in a terrible situation and in the end he is either destroyed or he starts resolving his problems. The later books tend to be more of the man-in-ajam variety, but even there it's pretty much the horrible suffering of the downtrodden black.

"In plantation novels you have the same general material. You have the plantation, the master, the overseer, the blacks, the whites, but the emphasis shifts crinolined waists and dashing away from the horrors, and you get more into the romance of the Old South.'

Compared to such hardy perennials as westerns and mysteries, plantation novels are a recent paperback phenomenon. It was only 20 years ago that Fawcett released its ecition of Mandingo, still the champion seller with over five million copies in

print. Though Kyle Onstott's book about an Alabama slavebreeding farm was followed by a series of imitators - that sold steadily if less spectacularly than their model - other publishers pretty much steered away from the genre for many years, perhaps sensing a limited market already dominated by Fawcett.

Then in 1974, Dell paid \$800,000 - the highest sum until then - for reprint rights to Beulah Land, by Lonnie Coleman, Dell mounted an intense promotional campaign to counteract the book's disappointing hardcover sales and to spread its reputation as a good, dirty read. The big push resulted in a printing of 1.8 million copies.

Beulah Land emphasized the antebellum ambience and sex. downplaying the abuse of slaves that the Fawcett line had highlighted. Sensing that other houses would try to rush out the "next" Beulah Land, book packager Bernard Geis commissioned George McNeill, a southern journalist who was penning gothic romances under the name Jennifer Reddic, to write a "knock-off." One editor rejected the manuscript, calling it "simply the most unappealing thing I've ever read," but Bantam Books bought McNeill's novel. Titled The Plantation, and promoted as revealing 'a world of naked sins and secret guilts," the book had a printing of 900,000.

As The Plantation hit the bookstores in summer '75 the first film version of a plantation novel was being released. Dino De Laurentiis' Mandingo. Thanks to a surprising faithfulness to the graphic sex and horrors of Onstott's novel, the film became one of 1975's top grossers, attracting millions of potential readers to the plantation genre. The other publishers could no longer ignore it. Advances as high as six figures were reportedly paid in a scramble for original plantation manuscripts. Genre writers, publishing's utility players, began switching to this suddenly lucrative field. At Fawcett, an editor turned down a western submitted by two Texas speedwriters, but appreciating their "good, lusty, violent story," hired them to fight in a pit for their owner's sport. Rafe was published in May under their joint pseudonym, Peter Gentry, with 650,000 copies in print so far.

In addition to rushing out new manuscripts, the publishers resurrected old books that dealt even remotely with the darker sides of plantation life. In all, some two dozen plantation novels were released during the last year, with at least three - Pyramid's Chinaberry, Bantam's Dragonard and Rafe - appearing briefly on Publishers Weekly's best-seller list.

Like the dreaded kudzu vine that started out as one small cutting and spread to engulf the South, all these new novels owe their origins to Mandingo. It is still the magic catchword invoked on nearly all their covers. Each of the books announces itself as MORE SAVAGE THAN, MORE SHOCKING THAN, or IN THE SCORCHING (see also, PULSATING and TURBU-LENT) TRADITION OF Mandingo. Pocket Books' Savage Rite, which is actually a frontier adventure about two black men and a white man on the run, still purports to have THE SCORCH-ING IMPACT OF MANDINGO.

Onstott's epic, which is truly the masterwork of the genre, is set on the less than majestic Falconhurst plantation owned by widower Warren Maxwell and his 18-year-old son, Hammond. Like his neighbors, Massa Maxwell plants cotton, but long ago he realized that them that plants it are soon forgotten, soil conditions bein' mighty poor.

Instead Massa Maxwell profits by breeding slaves. And Onstott devotes much of his lengthy saga to details about the "science" of slave-breeding, how to whip slaves so no scars are left, how to evaluate their worth, how to 'cover'' the wenches with bucks to produce healthy "suckers" who will sell for up to \$2,500 when grown. Most of these daily operations are left to young Ham, Massa not being as spry as he once was.

Ham's major interests are training his prize Mandingo buck, Mede, to be a wrestler, and sleeping with his slave wench, which of course leads Ham's jealous write a novel about slaves who wife, Blanche, to force herself

Irwyn Applebaum is a freelance writer living in New York.





upon Mede.

The finale comes when Blanche gives birth to a 15-pound son with distinctively Mandingo features. Blanche's mother dashes the baby's brains against a commode and hurls the tiny, mulatto corpse across the room. In rapid succession, Ham''pizens'' his wayward wife, pitchforks the Mandingo into a vat of boiling water, cooks him until his flesh melts down to broth and pours the liquid over Blanche's grave.

A 70-year-old dog breeder who has never written a work of fiction is an unlikely best-seller candidate. Kyle Onstott was an odd exception.

In an interview with News-week, Onstott acknowledged a clear connection between his lifelong interest in raising dogs and the obsession of his fictional Maxwell characters with the breeding of slaves. "I've always felt that the human race could be regenerated by selective breeding," Onstott said, "but Mandingo isn't the sort of thing I had in mind."

William Denlinger of Virginia, published Mandingo in 1957. Fawcett bought the paperback rights for \$25,000 and its "uncensored abridgement" appeared in February 1958. Harvey Gardner, current managing editor of Gold Medal Books, the Fawcett division that handles the plantation line, is proud of the term "uncensored abridgement." "It means we cut some of the long, tiresome, dull, clean parts," he says.

In its first year, Mandingo went back to press four times for a total of 1,270,000 copies. It has been reprinted every year since '58 and is now in its 50th printing.

Onstott eventually began collaborating with a former advertising copywriter named Kenric Lance Horner. Since Horner was doing almost all the writing, his name soon appeared as co-author with Onstott. By the time Onstott died in 1966, Horner's name was well-established, and he continued generating plantation novels at a prolific rate. Since 1958, Fawcett has published 15 novels by Onstott and/or Horner. All have a slavery background, including eight that loosely trace

the lives of the Falconhurst characters from *Mandingo*. In total, there are over 29 million copies of their books in print.

These days, even characters in the usually chaste women's historical romances and Puritanical gothics are enjoying more explicit sexual dalliances. With plain old cheesecake scenes losing their market appeal, the plantation novels have managed to provide something more: marble cheesecake, the secret vice of different-colored skins rolling around in bed.

The closed world of the plantation certainly provides novelists with no shortage of opportunity for intimacy between slaves and masters. "In the old South, a larger number of white men practiced free love than in any other time in the history of Western Civilization," Earl E. Thorpe wrote in Eros and Freedom in Southern Life and Thought. Massa Maxwell in Mandingo certainly concurs with this view of the antebellum Southern white

man as the supreme, sexually unrepressed individual. "Young men at the North," he observes, "are so sapless and witless because they have no nigger wenches, only white gals to pester with when they's boys."

The standard defense offered by Southern whites for such practices was that the wenches served as a safety valve, protecting the purity of their wives who were too fragile and moral to put up with much "pleasurin". " In Mandingo, Onstott explained why Ham chooses his slave lover over his white wife:

In fact it was a need to possess, to command, to order his sexual object in a manner he was unable to do with a woman free and white. A white woman might deny or temporize his exigencies. It was a fear of rebuff. His choice was not between white and black, but between free and chattel.

Onstott would have us believe | that the reason Rhett didn't give a damn about Scarlett was that he could go out and get pleasured by a good-looking wench without any fuss. In fact, in the latter Onstott/Horner books, the plantation mistresses themselves avidly command the tallest bucks to be their bedmates. At first, Dovie, in Falconhurst Fancy, considers such acts tantamount to bestiality. She then yields to the temptation, feeling that "there was something beyond anything a white man could give her-something primitive and savage that would outrage her with a spasm of violent convulsions, and this is what she needed." Or as the mistress in Rafe calls out to her black conqueror: "At last, my black stallion."

The miscegenation mystique was exploited crudely, but oh so shrewdly by Paramount Pictures when it designed its ad campaign for Mandingo. The original artist for the memorable Gone With the Wind poster of Rhett carrying

Scarlett in his arms through the flames of Atlanta was hired to paint the 1975 version of the romantic ultimate. Now it was the Mandingo slave who carried the mistress in his arms, while the massa carried his slave wench. For this summer's sequel film, *Drum*, De Laurentiis used similar couplings but also put the star, boxer Ken Norton, in the foreground, with something displaying the dimensions of a boxing glove bulging in his crotch area.

The inherent racism is particularly ugly in the Homer/Onstott books. Horner and Onstott delighted in creating fawning slaves, such as the boy who begs, "I your nigger, Massa, I your nigger, Massa, suh. Say I your nigger ... Please whip me. Then I know I yourn." They also seemed to derive great pleasure from writing "nigger talk," a practice from which later authors mostly refrain. Says John Holt: "I can't even read that stuff, let alone write it."

The treatment of the niggers in the Falconhurst series made the enormous popularity of the books with black readers a surprise to Fawcett. According to that house's Harvey Gardner, no one there foresaw the kind of interest in them that he himself encountered one day.

"I was donating blood and I was quite nervous. The nurse, a black woman, about 50, looked down at my folder and saw I worked for Fawcett. She said, 'Oh, they're the ones who published *Mandingo*.' I thought I was going to lose more blood than I had planned. But she said she loved the books and wanted to know if I had any in my car, some freebies. I asked her why she liked the books and she said, 'Reality.'"

Gardner thinks plantation novels appeal to some blacks as "entertaining fiction, but also as fiction in which black people play major roles. And they're sex objects. Everybody wants them, Lil' Missy, Ol' Massa. Also the books can be seen as a lurid version of black American history. Gardner himself scrupulously avoids working with the genre. "I got halfway through Mandingo and closed the book. I couldn't stand any more."

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OUTRAGE

OPEN SEASON ON REPORTERS

Down in Tennessee They Say 'No Comment' With Shotgun

Jury sees no crime in shooting scribe.

BY MARK PINSKY

Throughout his academic career in the late 1960s and early 1970s, David Pace kept his blond hair short and never traded in his black plastic eyeglass frames for the more fashionable wire rims. He maintained to shaggier colleagues on the Duke Chronicle. where he was managing editor, that his good ol' boy appearance and studiously unreconstructed drawl would one day, when they had all departed the campus for work in the southern reaches of the real world, enable him to ferret out stories they could not.

The 27-year-old reporter was right. After graduate school Pace went to work for the Winchester. Tennessee, Herald-Chronicle, a small (circ. 6,500) weekly northeast of Chattanooga, where he made a name for himself as an investigative reporter. His first big story was an exposé, complete with photographs he took himself, of how the Franklin County highway department provided equipment, personnel and gravel from the county rock quarry and, in some cases, oiled and graveled private roads, as well as constructing driveways and parking lots for private companies, individual home owners and farmers. The story led to an investigation by the state transportation de-

Under the circumstances, it came as no surprise to Pace when, 10 months later, after receiving a report of an alleged arson on one of the farms cited in the exposé, that the owner of the farm was less

than anxious for Pace to report the story. On the telephone, Herschel A. Schultz, a prominent local poultry farmer and magistrate (called "Squire" in Tennessee), told Pace that he didn't "want anything in the paper on this." Schultz explained that it was the fifth suspicious fire on his property in three years and that any publicity about the fire might result in the loss of his fire insurance.

"I decided that the burning barn, as well as the dogs on the scent of the suspected arsonists, would make good pictures for the paper," Pace later wrote, "so I headed down to Huntland with my camera."

The young reporter found Schultz, the local police chief, several deputies and fire inspectors seated in a roadside restaurant. Pulling up a chair, Pace again attracted the attention of the farmer, who said, "I told you not to come down here. I don't want anything in the paper about this."

Before arriving at the farm, Pace was cautioned by a deputy to remain off the Schultz property so as to avoid any trouble. Pace got out of his car on the road, attached a telephoto lens to his camera and began shooting pictures of the dogs and the smoldering barn. Schultz was standing at the intersection of his driveway and the road, whereupon the following exchange took place—again according to Pace, who reported the incident in the next issue of the Herald-Chronicle.

"David, you aren't going on my property," he said.

"I don't intend to go on your property, Mr. Schultz,"

I said. "I plan to stay right, here on this public road and watch what happens."

"You aren't going to take any pictures either," he said.

"I don't think you can stop me from taking pictures as long as I remain on this public road," I said.

"Well, we'll see about that," he said.

A silent face-off followed, lasting several moments, after which Pace raised his camera. As he did so, he saw Schultz approaching him, he thought, to grab the camera. Instead he heard what sounded like a gunshot. Dropping the camera, he saw the squire, 10 feet away, aiming a small pistol Pace took for a cap gun or a starter's pistol. Thinking Schultz was firing blanks, he raised his camera once more and began taking pictures. Twice more he heard shots, this time feeling "a sudden twinge" in his back.

"Reaching around with my left hand," recalls Pace, "I touched my back and saw the bright red blood running down my fingers."

Schultz' brother rushed up to Pace and tried to hustle him away, shouting that he had been warned. Confused, disoriented and angry, Pace remained in the road. Herschel Schultz was walking toward his car, and the reporter, thinking the incident over, figured "I would stick around for a few minutes, take my pictures and then head back to the hospital to have a doctor look at my arm. But then I saw something that scared the living daylights out of me: Mr. Schultz was coming out of his car toward me with what appeared to be a shotgun."

Pace left the scene post-haste and swore out a complaint against Schultz before being taken to the local hospital by ambulance. The wound, from a .25-caliber bullet, was not serious.

Schultz was arrested on the spot and charged with assault with a deadly weapon, bound over for trial, and in the months that followed the county prosecutor asked a grand jury to indict him, but twice they refused. The squire's position as a church elder, civic leader and magistrate apparently stood him in good stead with his friends and neighbors. After the second refusal to indict, the

prosecutor described Schultz as a "very reputable citizen who was under a great deal of strain."

Shortly after the trial, a bitter Pace left Tennessee to take a job with the Jacksonville, Florida, Journal. But he wasn't yet finished with the incident. As a new citizen of Florida, he decided to sue Schultz, a citizen of Tennessee, for damages in excess of \$10,000 (\$75,000 actually), the two legal criteria needed to move the matter to Federal court.

The case came to trial on July 21, 1976, in Winchester, Tennessee, and it was there that Pace's luck began to change. U.S. District Judge Charles Neese, for example, turned out to be a former college stringer who had once worked as a reporter and night manager for the New Orleans bureau of UPI. Pace insisted, in the course of the crossexamination, that more than his own well-being was at issue in the litigation. "If reporters failed to write stories every time someone said he didn't want publicity, there wouldn't be any newspapers."

Judge Neese, in his charge, saw the issue in a similar light:

"The Constitution of the United States guarantees that we have freedom of the press. This guarantee permits newspaper reporters to gather and publish news in the form of photographs.

"Thus Mr. Pace had the right to inquire into the facts of the fire on Mr. Schultz' property, and he, as well as anyone else, had a right to be on the public road in front of the Schultz property."

The jury of four men and two women, all drawn from outside Franklin County, took three hours to award Pace \$5,000-\$1,000 compensatory and \$4,000 punitive. Schultz paid on the spot.

Now back at work in Jacksonville. Pace says he plans to use his part of the award to get married in the fall—to another reporter. As for his lost or impaired aggression, what little remains of his dogged and determined demeanor on the job has already gotten him booted off the police beat (for writing too much about police brutality) and onto city hall.

"A jury decided my life is worth \$5,000," he says with a shrug, "and surprisingly enough I consider that a victory."

Mark Pinsky is a reporter based in North Carolina.

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